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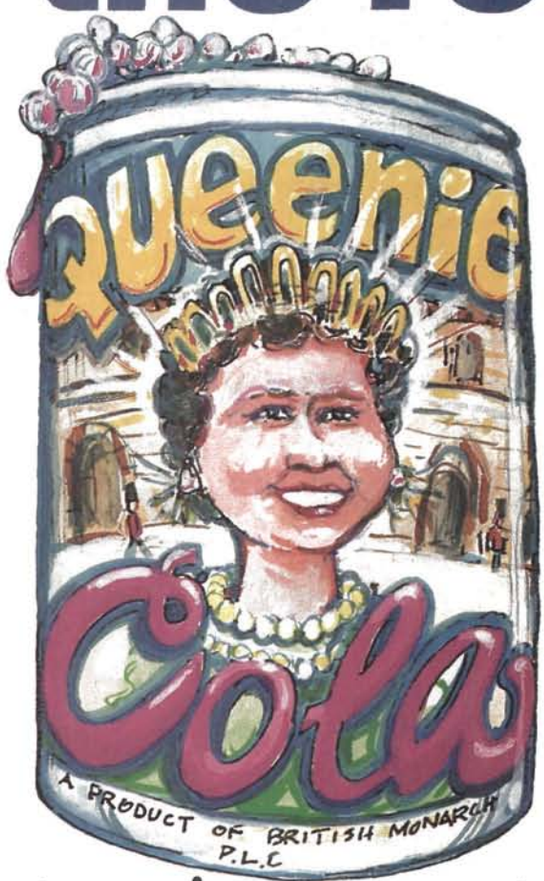

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EDINBURGH DIARY

Sean French

My original plan for this week's column—the first of two written at the Edinburgh Festival—was to attempt a socio-political report on Scotland. It's now one of the most politically provocative areas in the British Isles. The Conservative government exercises its rule north of the border as a sort of occupying enemy force. And it's significant that the rising stars in the Labour Party—Gordon Brown, John Smith—are Scots.

I've read that you can find in Scotland the Labour Party as it used to be: a movement spread across the social spectrum. I thought therefore that I could take the opportunity of being in Edinburgh to assess the truth of this.

Unfortunately this project has come to grief during my first few days in the city. I arrived at Edinburgh airport while my mind was still mentally in bed in London. From there a taxi took me to my hotel. I explained to the driver that I was here to report on the film festival and he asked me if there were any porn films showing. I said I didn't think so and he lost all interest.

I dumped my bags at the hotel and went straight to the Filmhouse, the outstanding movie centre where I'll be spending most of the next 14 days. Within a quarter of an hour of entering the city, I was sitting in the dark watching a film (Mike Leigh's *High Hopes*) which was set half a mile from where I live in London. In fact I had passed the film's main location earlier that morning.

I saw three films that day, the last of which was an East German documentary about Georgia (in the USSR) screened without subtitles. On Saturday I saw three more films and in a gap I dashed into the Royal Scottish Academy and saw two resolutely non-Caledonian exhibitions—one on the dadaist, Francis Picabia, the other displaying a private collection of dadaism and surrealism. Then in the evening I went to see the Stockholm Folkoperan perform Puccini's *Turandot* in Swedish.

Today (Sunday) I have seen three feature films and six French short films. The other people at these press previews are either foreign journalists and filmmakers or they are much the same crowd you would see at screenings in London. Thus, my view of Edinburgh has about as much authority as John McEnroe's view of London, a place that for him is somewhere with bad weather but otherwise the same tennis courts and players he sees when he is in New York, Melbourne or Paris.

One thought, though. Just because I haven't been eating haggis and watching documentaries on the highland clearances doesn't entirely invalidate my experience. Much of the Scottish heritage is as dubious as the English heritage that we're marketing with such energy. In fact, large parts of it are worse because they have been foisted on the country by the English. Even the tartan kilt was the invention of an eighteenth century Englishman who was looking for a market for his cloth.

Edinburgh at its height, the enlightenment capital of David Hume and Adam Smith, was important because of its intellectual influence. The romantic mythmaking of Robbie Burns and Walter Scott was an offshoot of that.

Turning Scotland into a land of invented traditions, of singing hogmanay songs on TV on New Year's Eve, is another way for England to marginalise and belittle that unsettling country above it.

But the reason I'm in the Filmhouse 14 hours a day is because I'm covering the film festival for the *Observer*, which means that in rather Freudian fashion I am standing in for my own father. (Instead of destroying his brain with an overdose of films in Edinburgh, he is destroying it abroad with an overdose of books he's reading as a judge on this year's Booker prize.) People, have accused me of benefiting from nepotism, but this is not strictly true.

So far as I am aware, nepotism is a word derived from the Latin for nephew. The term was applied to so-called nephews of various popes who appeared to be doing rather nicely as a result of their family connections. The expression was a sarcastic one, however, because the men involved were not actually nephews of the popes at all but their illegitimate sons. Thus a witty and waspish specific criticism has now dwindled in current usage into a vague and woolly general insult.

I am not sure to what degree, if at all, this exculpates me. In fact, as an attempt at self-justification it is all too reminiscent of P G Wodehouse's wonderful introduction to his novel, *Summer Lightning*. He recalled that a critic had denounced his previous novel, accusing Wodehouse of merely using the same characters under different names. In his new novel, Wodehouse innocently confessed, he had dealt with the problem and forestalled all possible criticism by using the same characters under the *same* names.

William Goldman wrote in his book on Hollywood that the supposedly glamorous career of film directing was in reality an arduous physical struggle, like ditch digging. Now, I am not trying to enlist sympathy for my fortnight's moviegoing, but I have realised that the demands it makes are more physical than intellectual.

I suspect that in the design of cinema auditoria there is a direct correlation between a highbrow level of programming and discomfort of the seats. My principal form of exercise during the last few days has consisted of shifting painfully from one buttock to another.

Glamour has been notably absent from my part in the proceedings so far. The closest I have come was when a kind person from the Untied International Pictures distribution company rang to invite me to attend (in my temporary capacity as *Observer* film critic) a dinner hosted by John Cleese. I was told that the great old Ealing director (*Hue and Cry, The Lavender Hill Mob*), Charles Crichton, was also going to be present and then the penny dropped. The dinner was to promote their new film, *A Fish Called Wanda*. Unfortunately, I had already seen this at a preview in London. I knew what I thought of it and I realised that, considering what I was going to write about the film, I would be about as welcome at the feast as Banquo's ghost.

In the traditional manner of diarists, I made my excuses.

ROGER WODDIS

Temptation Rag

Christian groups in the US have picketed Universal Studios and cinemas in protest against Martin Scorsese's film "The Last Temptation of Christ".
Pentagon officials and consultants are involved in a multi-billion dollar scandal over arms contracts

Eliot said the last temptation,
Which may well prove a sensation,
  Was evildoing's gain and virtue's loss.
Christians selling faith like crazy,
Who are bound to love Scorsese,
  Would love to see him hanging from a cross.

Those who massed at Universal
(After only one rehearsal)
  Appealed to all their followers to pray,
While the caring Mary Whitehouse,
Ever beaming from her lighthouse,
  Warns weaker vessels to keep well away.

It pays less to be erotic
Than to claim you're patriotic
  And be tempted by a pocketful of bucks.
What shocks porn-again protesters
Isn't Pentagon investors,
  But the horror of a Saviour who fucks.

Whatever turns you off—but as for me,
I know which is the greater blasphemy.

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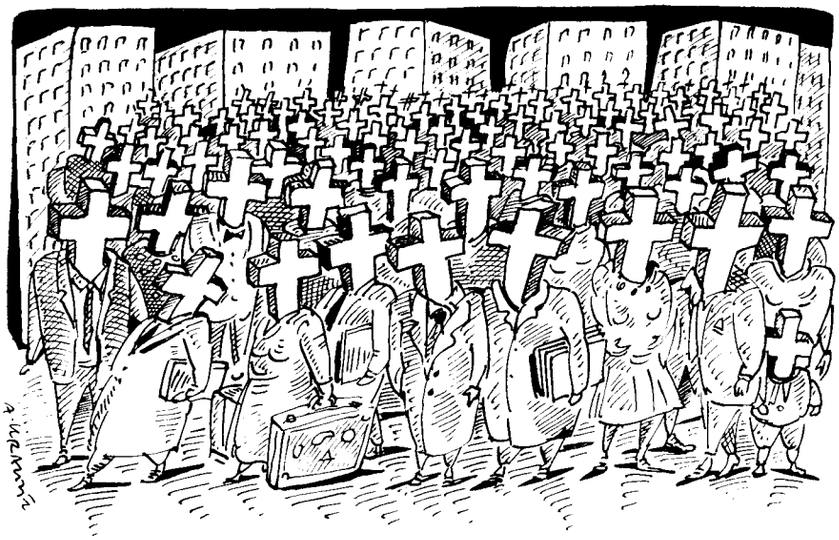
EDITORIAL

Bad for you

Living in Britain is becoming plain dangerous. We tolerate too many hazards—and too much filth



Seasonal death has a horribly neat symmetry. In winter, the poor and old die from hypothermia. In summer, the rich and young contract skin cancer from overdosing on ultra-violet sunlight. According to a recent report, one in every 100 people in the UK is likely to develop melanoma cancer by the end of the century. We're not deliberately trying to spoil your holiday or anything, but how long *was* the motorway tailback on the way to the airport? As long as the airline queue for information about the flight delay? You can always console yourself with the thought that you are not just a number. You are part of a trend. 1988 has been the year of the travel victim—trains and boats and planes, you name it, and somebody, somewhere was having a bad time *en route*. This was the year when getting about didn't so much become hard work as plain dangerous—liberalisation of the airways, cost-cutting on the privatised sea routes and inadequate planning on the roads have made most of us think twice about travelling anywhere.

The most obvious loser in all this will be the tourist industry which has grown used to an endless boom in holidaying. But the government may also find itself running out of what it too has come to expect: an easy ride. You may be able to buy your way out of a collapsing NHS and into a private bed, but if you've invested heavily in a Porsche and a cellular phone, how are you going to do without decent roads?

Nor is a holiday at home the answer. Who in their right mind would swim in British tidal waters, into which we pump 16 times as much of our sewage sludge as the rest of Europe? Look what it's doing to the seals. And look what the South West Water Authority did to those 20,000 people in the Camelford region of Cornwall, where poisonous acid found its way into the local water supply turning hair washed in it green.

You could, of course, forgo the annual leave altogether, but that's hardly safe either. The evidence suggests that deaths and assaults at work are on the increase. Attacks on London bus drivers reached such record levels that London Transport had to install protective screens and two-way radios for crews. Social workers (a key section of our readership, according to popular myth) certainly aren't safe. Cheshire social services reported last year that nine of its staff are assaulted every day. Across the country, one in ten social workers can expect to be attacked each year.

The statistics on industrial accidents were rising until the Health and Safety Executive decided, in the way that government agencies do, to change the basis on which it compiled the figures, while at the same time cutting the number of its factory inspectors. Yet as the pattern of manufacturing industry shifts towards small, unregulated workplaces, deaths at work are bound to increase. The title of a Health and Safety Executive report published this week eloquently summed up its priorities: *The Tolerability of Risk from Nuclear Power Stations*.

Life is now especially dangerous for women, and for people living outside the South East. Female deaths from cancer are up 12 per cent since 1977; in Northern Ireland male cancer deaths were up by 29 per cent. Sexual offences recorded by the police in England and Wales rose by 15 per cent from 1982 to 1986. Crimes of violence against the person also increased by 15 per cent in the same period.

Nor is it safe to be young. The incidence of measles was 46 per cent higher in 1986 than in 1982; and whooping cough rates nearly doubled. Infant mortality—a crucial index of a country's health status—is rising for the first time in 16 years. And two other important markers of first-world status—the number of cases of TB and food poisoning—are both up.

Sex, of course, is out (5,000 dead from Aids in Britain by the end of the decade). Even macrobiotic jogging hermits will go down the pan with the rest of us if the polar icecaps melt as a result of the "greenhouse effect"—the phenomenon whereby a build-up of gases in the atmosphere traps the sun's rays and causes global warming.

Clearly, life under Mrs Thatcher is not only more unpleasant; it's also more dangerous. It would be unfair to pin all the blame on the prime minister herself, but not that unfair. In some areas the government is culpably negligent. Its idea of a public health campaign, for example, is to spend money on *advertising*—something that's of dubious value—rather than on, say, factory inspectors or gas scrubbing equipment for power stations or more air traffic controllers. Everyone noticed how appropriate it was that the Zeebrugge ferry was called *Herald of Free Enterprise*. But less spectacularly, the hidden hand of Thatcherism is, one way and another, killing us all.

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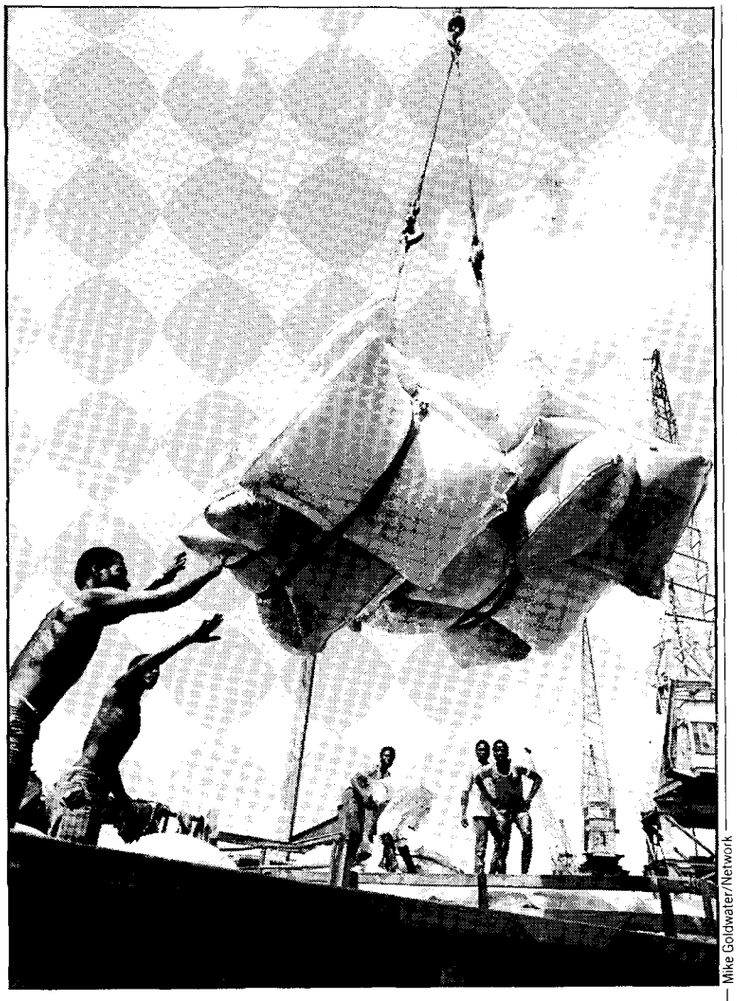

Mike Goldwater/Network

Unloading food aid: more for some means less for others

Robbing the poor to give to the poor

The swift response of the British public to the appeal for help for victims of the floods in Sudan is worth contrasting with the government's own approach to overseas aid. Much has been made of the UK government's generosity to the Sudanese, not least by Chris Patten, minister for overseas development, but he knows more than most that Britain's donation will merely *re-direct* aid rather than increase the size of our total aid budget. He is the latest in a line of ministers sent to the "salt mines" of the Overseas Development Administration to preside over a failing and declining British contribution to the world's poor.

The United Nations aid target for developed countries is 0.7 per cent of their Gross National Product. Since 1979 the proportion of UK GNP given as aid has fallen from a healthy, and increasing, 0.51 per cent to a record low level of 0.28 per cent. That 45 per cent decrease is by far the largest among OECD member countries, the leading Western economies. It should be compared with increases of 300 per cent in Italy, 138 per cent in Finland, 43 per cent in Sweden and increases in Denmark, Japan, Norway, Holland and even the USA. The UK now stands 14th in a league table of 17 OECD countries while in 1979 it was seventh and set to climb higher.

The government's stock response is to say that the UK aid budget is growing in real terms and that the decline in proportion to the GNP should be welcomed as a sign of a growing economy. This is a tawdry defence. Since the Tories took office, the UK aid budget has actually fallen from £1,395 million to £1,198 million, in constant 1986-87 prices, and their latest public expenditure plans to 1991 will still leave aid down 12 per cent in real terms on 1979.

However, the importance of measuring aid as a percentage of GNP is that our responsibility to less developed countries should grow as our economies grow to stop the global north-south divide from worsening.

The UK attitude to international institutions is even worse. Britain followed the US out of UNESCO in a fit of rightist peak and in the most recent league table of per capita contributions to UNICEF, the United Nations children's fund, the UK came second bottom of 34 countries. Our figure of 34 cents per head seemed miserable in comparison to Sweden's $9.41. Other UN agencies fare equally badly. The UK is 16th out of 24 in per capita contributions to the World Health Organisation and our pathetic 21 cents per head per year is half of that given by Switzerland. Similarly, Britain languishes 17th out of 24 in contributions to the Food and Agriculture Organisation and gives only 3 per cent of Denmark's per capita figure.

As disaster in the Sudan captures headlines, the government should be pressed repeatedly to make our aid record good enough to withstand the international comparison that presently leaves Britain a laughing stock. *Tom Clarke MP*

Backbench critics snap at ministers

Cecil Parkinson's peevish remarks this week about the Commons energy select committee report on electricity privatisation illustrate once again that when these committees bite, ministers feel the need to bark back. The report was out of date according to Parkinson; the committee had taken evidence from him four months before it appeared. Much progress has been made since, he said, and the timetable is not "frighteningly tight" as the committee claimed.

That Parkinson chose to attack the report two months before a full departmental response is due—and while the entire committee is on holiday—shows that much of the most informed and telling criticism of the government this parliamentary session has not come from the Opposition in set-piece debates, let alone during Prime Minister's questions, but from the departmental select committees on which the Conservatives enjoy a majority. Tory MPs, unwilling to rebel in the Chamber feel a good deal more liberated, it seems, in the neutral, almost judicial, atmosphere of select committees.

In the past few months, the list of reports damning the government has become extensive. As well as the energy select committee's criticism on the government's chosen method of electricity privatisation, there have been successive social services select committee reports questioning the level of NHS funding, the home affairs committee's attack on the inefficiency of the immigration department, the defence committee's warning that the navy was being run down to the point of uselessness, and the agriculture committee's assessment that the government had made errors in its reaction to the Chernobyl fall-out with the result that contaminated lamb was likely to have entered the food chain.

With third-term complacency apparent on the government benches, it is a pleasing irony that these committees were set up by an earlier Tory administration. Michael Foot, as Leader of the House, opposed them in 1978 on the grounds that they would detract from the importance of the Chamber. His successor, Norman St John Stevas, did not suffer from such romanticism, however, and quickly set them up.

Although the initial nomination to a select committee is in the gift of the party Whips, it is rare, indeed unprecedented, for the Whips to try and remove an excessively independent-minded MP during the parliamentary session.

However, it would be wrong to over-state the MPs' independence from party. Some committee reports reach their conclusions because the evidence leads nowhere else, for instance the gross delays at Lunar House, the government immigration department. Others are only written after much horsetrading.

The energy select committee's recent report, for example, could not consider the principle of privatisation of the industry since that would never be altered. But Labour MPs, nevertheless, were so successful in inserting critical passages—about regulation, the timetable, the reserved place for the nuclear industry—that the impression conveyed by the report was that the committee had rejected privatisation.

Patrick Wintour

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Radicals back Lord Cockfield

Whatever the virtues of Lord Cockfield and Stanley Clinton Davis, these seem more appropriately expounded in the sober columns of the broadsheet press than on demonstrators' placards. But Britain's out-going European commissioners did find themselves the unlikely heroes of a small solidarity picket in Brussels.

Their champions were members of Italy's Radical Party, protesting against Mrs Thatcher's decision not to renew the commissioners' appointments. The Radicals share the widespread belief that Thatcher acted because they were insufficiently chauvinistic and excessively pro-European.

The party's interest is part of their shift from being an improbable manifestation of the Italian body politic to becoming an even more improbable agent of European unity.

The party originated from the split in the Italian Liberals in 1955. It became a focus for discontent with the great institutions of Italian society: the clerico-political alliance between the Church and the Christian Democrats and the Communists. Within Italy, its strategy has been for a realignment within the centre left.

It is best known, however, for its flamboyant campaigning style. Under the leadership of Marco Pannella, it exercised a natural flair for exploiting the mass media. To protest that his party was not getting its fair share of air time, Pannella appeared on TV bound and gagged; to protest against drug laws, he invited the press to watch him smoke a joint.

If the grand political parties are like the *Independent* or the *Telegraph*, the radical party is *Actuel* or the *Face*: populist, vivid, generally liberal and avant garde, conceited, and in love with publicity. It has created its own constituency, which has room for both nobel laureate Rita Levi-Montalcini and porn star Cicciolina. One of its principles is that membership can be "bought" by anyone, members of other parties included.

With its share of Italian votes around two or three per cent, it has 16 members in the national parliament and three in Strasbourg. It may seem mad to campaign for a united Europe today, they argue, but no more so than campaigning for divorce in the Italy of the 1950s.

Marek Kohn

Woddis left wondering

Roger Woddis's poem honouring Nelson Mandela on his seventieth birthday *(NSS 22 July)* was broadcast on the BBC World Service: a pleasing and fitting tribute both to its subject and author.

Woddis himself was delighted by this recognition but a little surprised. When he had offered a poem on the black nationalist leader to the *Radio Times* to coincide with the broadcasting of Mandela's birthday concert from Wembley, he was told it would not be used.

He says he can only conclude that the BBC believe that some things which are suitable for a world audience must be kept from readers in Britain. Haven't we been here before? *Isabel O'Keeffe*

THIS ENGLAND

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please.)

●Francis Drake made mincemeat of the Spanish Armada and 400 years later High Street butchers Andy Callwood and Son celebrated the victory by filling their shop window with an all-meat presentation of the battle.

Row upon row of chops were carefully arranged to make the choppy seas upon which a galleon was tossed towards Fortress Britain.

The display won the shop the cup for the overall winners of the Carnival week window dressing competition. — *Ross Gazette* (Pat Horner)

●Other prostitutes said that Marcoullis had sex with them and took pornographic pictures of them, saying he was hoping to set up an escort agency. In front of his tearful wife and daughter he had said: "I only had sex with the ones I liked," the court was told. — *Ham and High* (Michael Rubinstein)

●Tory councillors agreed yesterday that by travelling from Paris to attend council meetings, Mr MacCabee was preserving the party's one-seat majority.

But they protested that Labour opposition members were going too far in singing the Marseillaise whenever Mr MacCabee arrived in the council chamber. — *Daily Telegraph* (Canon J. Rogan)

West Enders
MORE PEOPLE ARE EATING CHEESE THAN AT ANY TIME IN THIS NATION'S HISTORY....
...SO DOESN'T IT MAKE SENSE TO FORCE MORE PEOPLE TO LIVE ON BREAD AND WATER?
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Loadsamonarchs

The high-tech tourist industry has finally got to the monarchy. Peter Chippindale and Chris Horrie report on Britain's first private-sector royal tourist attraction

Many, many years ago, way back in the mists of time even before the Tory party won the last election, Gyles Brandreth was lying in his bath idly pondering the mysteries of the universe, when, like the Greek philosopher Archimedes, he was struck by a brilliant idea.

However, Brandreth, writer, broadcaster, businessman and—as the PR story tells—"best known to the public at large as the fellow who wears colourful jumpers on TV", is not a citizen of ancient Greece but of modern Britain. And instead of "Eureka!", his cry should have been "Loadsamoney!"

"It suddenly occurred to him" the PR legend recounts "that there was no one place in Britain where you could see and hear our island's royal history accurately and excitingly told". Not a man to hang about, Brandreth followed up his "blinding flash" the very next morning by ringing his friend, theatre entrepreneur Adrian Gilpin, who was "enthralled". Together the two men were certain they had identified the Holy Grail of our times—a gap in the market.

Like Knights of Yore, they set off on their three-year quest, the result of which was unveiled last week as "Royal Britain", London's first private sector tourist attraction exclusively devoted to the history of the British monarchy—or, in contemporary adspeak: "the immortal and unending chronicle of royal heritage".

The interesting aspect of Royal Britain is that it provides a glimpse of the sort of developments which might take place at a privatised Tower of London or Windsor Castle, both currently run by the Department of the Environment on behalf of the Crown as fine examples of that disappearing British institution—the worthy museum.

In the continuous rearguard action to preserve the dignity of the institution of monarchy, the Palace is determined there will be no pandering to television-crazed, sensation-seeking

The brains behind the "Royal Britain" exhibition

tourists as they visit royal castles and residences, and the privatisation of the monarchy, though mooted in the deep waters of right-wing Tory think-tanks, is still a long way from getting on any recognised agenda.

No such inhibitions hold back modern entrepreneurs like the energetic Messrs Brandreth and Gilpin, who burst into the City waving their royalty idea about in 1985, in the heady days before the stock market crash when brilliant wheezes were all the rage.

Brandreth's wife, Michele Brown, was put in charge of "historical research" as she has a history degree, once lectured on industrial history and is the author of several royal biographies and a book entitled *Fit for a King—an anthology of historical recipes*.

With Sir Leslie Porter, President of Tesco, scooped on board as Chairman of their newly-formed company, Unicorn Heritage plc, they floated a £5 million share issue under the government's Business Expansion Scheme. The English Tourist Board liked the idea too, and contributed a £200,000 grant.

Gilpin says the share issue succeeded partly because of the demand from the London tourist industry for "something new on the circuit" which would appeal to a generation of tourists—especially Americans—whose attention span has been reduced to seconds by saturation television exposure from birth.

But the real progress on Royal Britain began with the appointment of Imagination Limited, modestly billed in the blurb as "the most exciting design company in the world".

Imagination, set up ten years ago, has carved a name for itself as a leader in the competitive world of corporate image manipulation. It has revolutionised dull standard slide and video techniques by bringing in state of the art image-selling using lasers, holograms and lighting techniques developed by rock music boffins. Its blue chip clients include companies like Ford, British Telecom, Zanussi and BP and it was responsible for the state of the art special effects for the rock musicals *Time* and *Phantom of the Opera*. The man from Imaginations in charge of Royal Britain, Peter Higgins, once designed sets for the Eurovision Song Contest.

The firm's idea of what the punters wanted from Royal Britain, is explained in the glossy brochure with characteristic hi-tech gusto: "The tourist of the eighties enjoys being part of and relating to an entertainment experience" it explains "and the originators, designers and promoters of Royal Britain have exploited this trend to the full, using the very latest technology to bring the royal story vividly to life."

Gilpin scoured the West End for a suitable location, rejecting the hideous Trocadero complex in Piccadilly as "too small" and ending up with 35,000 square feet on the edge of the Barbican, cheekily described as "at the hub of the most significant tourist area in the capital". In reality it is uncomfortably close to the wasteland of ugly tower blocks north of St Paul's, often grumbled about by Prince Charles.

At the ceremonial opening last week the band of the Life Guards, hired for the occasion, led a motley procession of "showbiz celebs", each dressed as one of the 51 reigning monarchs since King Edgar in 973, around the Barbican brickwork, before Anne Diamond, as Queen Victoria, imperiously demanded entry above the noise of nearby roadworks.

When the plate glass doors stuck slightly she yelled, "We are used to getting what we want" before the celebs, sweltering under the unaccustomed weight of leather and chain-mail costumes, trooped inside for the ceremonial "quaffing of the drinks". Such was the bizarreness of the occasion that some hacks became confused as to whether the Guards were the real thing or just part of the act—a suggestion firmly quashed by a steely glare from their commander.

As the celebs shuffled towards the inevitable photo-opportunity we were left to wander through cinema-type doors into the exhibition itself, finding ourselves instantly plunged into a darkened fibreglass cave filled with rumbling synthesiser noises, crashing battle-axes, disembodied screams, clannish chanting and primaeval grunting. Imagination Limited's idea of ancient Britain is a paradise for heavy metal fans.

The action in this first of 25 "feature environments" making up the show is provided by oracle-like displays, showing a jumble of ancient images wobbling in and out of view under the control of a cunningly hid-

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den Electrosonic ES 7832 lighting computer. The effect is unnerving—mist, wobble-wobble, cavemen, Stonehenge, wobble-wobble, Boadicea, Excalibur, more mist, wobble-wobble, before it starts again on an endless loop.

After about 50 seconds the lights came up in the next "feature environment" — the Saxons — and we were lured down the darkened corridor by a swelling surge of monastic chanting to be confronted by a row of identical terracotta-looking monarchical heads. Harold could be identified by the Eric Bristow type appendage in his eye.

As the blurb explains: "Each 'feature environment' is designed to absorb visitors' attention for a few minutes, after which lighting and sound effects subtly draw them on to the next area".

In terms of actually comprehending the story of British monarchy, Royal Britain is a non-starter. A bewildering array of video disc players, back-projected slides, quadrophonic amplification, laser light displays, fibre optics, computer controlled dioramas and a multiplicity of mirrors produce a blizzard of images that send you reeling from one century to another.

Short, written explanations are dotted about on heritage-style versions of Adshels, the advertising display units you see at bus stops. Each monarch gets an average of about 45 words, many of which are composed of several syllables. The word in largest type on all the units is "Pilkington", the glass people, in line with the modern practice of conspicuously displaying brand names of suppliers.

But the choice of which monarchs graduate to the actual "features" is mainly dependent on the visual potential of the events of their reign. As a result episodes like Magna Carta, the Reformation, and the Glorious Revolution of 1688—which are hard to explain—are basically canned in favour of new technology re-enactments like Queen Elizabeth I's speech at Tilbury.

Mary Queen of Scots, even though she was not an English monarch, gets a whole "feature environment" to herself on the grounds that she is a "good story". The Mary Queen of Scots display is devoted to her beheading and you are intended to walk along an oak-panelled corridor "experiencing" what she felt like as she went to her execution.

Holograms, more wobble-wobble activity, and a blow by blow voice-over delivered in mellifluous TV adtones, lead to the actual beheading. The gory nature of the real event is suitably fudged to ensure the exhibition does not slide into video nasty territory.

The entire Stuart dynasty, the great plague, the great fire of London and the civil war are jammed together in one mechanised Punch and Judy show, with cut-out monarchs clanking in and out of view. On opening day a temporary glitch in the computer had put the illuminated single phrase captions (example: "William and Mary—Dutch influence on Britain", which disposes of the 1688 Revolution)—out of sync.

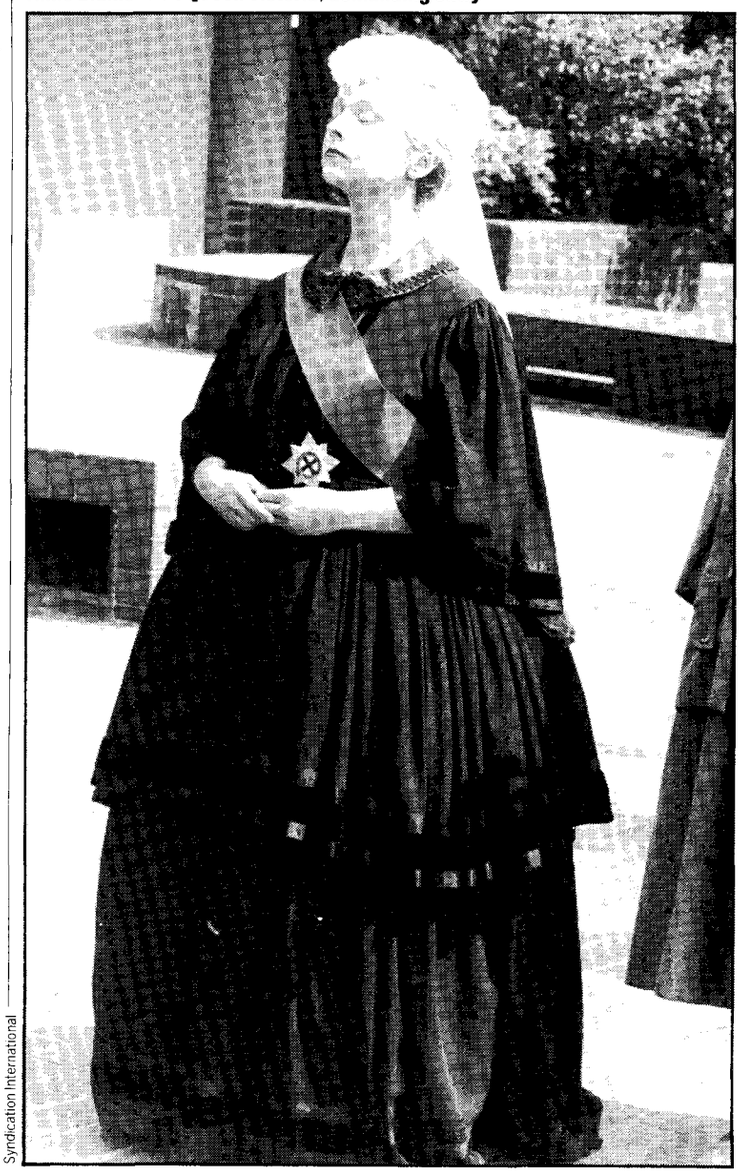
A real, live attendant had been posted to talk puzzled visitors through the hilariously baffling sign activity, but paying visitors in off the street, wandering round alongside the press, appeared gobsmacked at this stage and were reduced to nodding sagely as the explanations flew straight over their heads.

Passing through some heavy cornicing and architectural work symbolising the Georgian age of elegance (the loss of the American colonies is represented by a flag marked "76") you meet a remarkably Buddha-like giant Queen Victoria, presiding over the blast furnaces of the industrial revolution, before the final three "feature environments" which home in on today's royals.

A collection of 1950s television sets lined up in a shop window show video loops of Elizabeth II's coronation, signalling the birth of the media monarchy. The point is rammed home by the next display, a brightly lit diorama of giant tabloid headlines—mostly about the Chas'n'Di show—which flash rapidly on and off to the accompaniment of popping flash-bulbs, clicking cameras, and paparazzi wheedlings of "Just one more Charlie!".

A sign informs you today's "firm" is comparable to a large go-ahead company with massive assets before you enter the final "feature environment", a modern room with computer terminals presenting "personality profiles". A cursor whizzes across each screen pulling up menus of mind-bendingly trivial royal factoids—date of birth, favourite colour, star sign, annual number of public engagements, place of residence, education, hobbies, and so on. The concentration is on the stars—minor royals appear to have been made redundant in this new productivity-conscious business environment.

Anne Diamond as Queen Victoria, demanding entry



Syndication International

The last projected diorama attempts to underpin Royal Britain's wobbly "1,000 year sweep through history" by randomly flashing the various images you have experienced into one great final Loadsamonarchs muddle before you are decanted, less than an hour later, into the brightly lit "merchandising area".

All terrific fun, of course. The experience is not cheap, but then this is no ordinary experience, as the blurb reminds you. It costs £5 for adults and £3 for children—adding up to a hefty total for a holiday-making family. The direct and hugely established competition of Madame Tussauds last year attracted 2,439,000 customers with slightly lower admission charges.

Royal Britain needs 400,000 punters a year to break even and the target is higher—900,000 a year, which means 2,500 people passing through a day and a healthy profit for all concerned. The ceremonial opening day's takings, donated to Help the Aged, were a paltry £1,250, indicating between 200 and 400 visitors—a slow start. But the exhibition is still shaking down, and Gilpin has high hopes things will start moving faster when foreign tourists, and especially Americans, get to hear about it.

The first customer was perfect material—a typically gawping visitor from North Carolina who had read about the exhibition in his local paper back home, and got up early to be at the door on the dot of opening time. His reward was free entry. Next season pre-arranged deals with hotels and tour operators will bolster the numbers and bring more of his kind.

But it remains to be seen how much the home audience will take to Imagination's version of our royal history. There are bound to be dull people who do not share Messrs Gilpin's and Brandreth's sense of fun, and on opening day the Grumbly Brigade was represented by a City of London policeman drafted in to help control the "crowds". "I think it's a load of bollocks", he was heard remarking undiplomatically to one of the organisers. Nobody had the nerve to ask the Life Guards' commander for his opinion.

Peter Chippindale and Chris Horrie are joint authors of "British Monarchy plc", a souvenir share prospectus for the privatisation of the royal family, to be published on 29 September by Bath Street Press.

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Where was the NCCL?

Civil liberties have taken a battering in the Thatcher years. But the National Council for Civil Liberties has lost its way. Bob Woffinden wonders why

Although an organisation like the National Council for Civil Liberties is bound to find itself in opposition to all governments, the problems set by the Thatcher administrations have been of a different order. There can, after all, be few subjects further from Mrs Thatcher's heart than civil liberties. In 1975, Barry Cox's *Civil Liberties in Britain*, published as a Penguin Special identified the basic freedoms as those of association, assembly, expression and movement. The book announced that it would not be concerned with "freedom of association [which] is genuinely available without qualification in mainland Britain". With the banning of trade unions inside GCHQ, the situation today is entirely different. The three Thatcher trade union acts have drastically curtailed freedom of association; the 1986 Public Order Act gave police new powers to control demonstrations and picketing and inhibited freedom of assembly; the 1984 Police and Criminal Evidence Act gave police greater powers of detention and subverted the ancient right to *habeas corpus*; the abolition of peremptory challenge jeopardised the right to jury trial. One could, of course, go on and on.

Another change in the climate, less immediately obvious, is almost as significant: would a mass-market publishing house like Penguin now be interested in publishing a book entitled *Civil Liberties in Britain*?

The case for civil liberties now has to be fought in an implacably hostile environment against a background of seeming public apathy. Even minor consolations have turned sour: in the 1987 election, despite the blanket triumphs of the Conservatives throughout the South, the NCCL lost its prominent supporter on the Tory benches when Steve Norris was ousted at Oxford East. (In this business, the support of one Conservative is reckoned to be worth that of 50 Labour MPs.)

Moreover, the grounds of debate have shifted. There is now a greater awareness that someone may infringe another's liberties by exercising their own—witness the advances made by the anti-smoking lobby. It would be difficult in the present atmosphere to mount a campaign, on civil liberty grounds, against random drink-driving tests. Indeed, almost any measures taken to deal with it are almost guaranteed a groundswell of public support however much they breach the presumed rights of the individual.

It is nevertheless easy to over-emphasise the present difficulties in comparison with the past. Since its foundation in 1934, the NCCL has been a classic British pressure group—doggedly fighting its corner in the face of administrative hostility, public indifference and serious underfunding. It has been more conspicuous at some times than at others: Martin Ennals and Tony Smythe were both successful general secretaries; but its most recent golden era occurred when Patricia Hewitt and Harriet Harman, as general secretary and legal officer, were working there together, in the latter stages of a Labour administration and the early days of a Conservative one. Battle was joined with the authorities on any number of issues—over the vindictive implementation of immigration rules, the Incitement to Disaffection Act (which was supposed to have fallen into disuse, and which had provided the NCCL in 1934 with an original cause célèbre). There were some striking failures—over the Prevention of Terrorism Act, for example. "In the 48 hours at our disposal," Patricia Hewitt recalls ruefully, "we completely failed to stop that."

Hewitt and Harman relied on a close understanding with the press (and were the conduit through which several official reports received unofficial publication), and also developed an effective test case strategy, fighting individual cases which illuminated particular areas of injustice. One of these concerned Errol Madden, the black youth who was prosecuted for theft even though he had a receipt for one of the supposedly stolen items in his pocket. A third strand of their approach was intensive lobbying to put together an ad hoc group of forces to oppose particular issues; for the Police and Criminal Evidence Act, for example, they mobilised groups from across the political spectrum.

Harman left in 1982 to fight (and win) the Peckham by-election, and Hewitt the following year to fight (and lose) the Leicester East seat at the general election. The NCCL subsequently came to grief with astonishing speed, because of what was perceived as a rather crude attempt by the new general secretary, Larry Gostin, to shift the organisation to the right. He commissioned an independent inquiry into the public order issues raised by the miners' strike. This produced a calamitous analysis of collective and individual rights, upheld the right to cross picket lines, and neglected altogether the critical civil libertarian viewpoint that access to collective rights is an essential individual right.

In the event, the clumsy formulation put together by the NCCL split the organisation and completely disrupted the coalition of forces—lawyers, MPs and the press—which had been carefully nurtured over the years and on which it depended for its effectiveness. The *Guardian*, for example, was criticial of the NCCL, and has since seemed less ready to publicise its campaigns. It has been left to Sarah Spencer, general secretary since 1985, to try to pick up the pieces.

Some problems were quickly apparent. "I think that traditionally the NCCL adopted the Fabian approach," says Spencer, "that if you get your argument right, and make an authoritative and sound case, then the powers-that-be will be persuaded. But there's definitely a feeling now—and I've heard people in other pressure groups say this—that the government is impervious to rational argument.

"In this atmosphere, everyone becomes dispirited, and it becomes harder to challenge the prevailing impression that you can't change things, so why try? During lobbying in 1985 against the Public Order Act, we were able to look for support from a variety of groups affected—like CND and the Ramblers' Association, but with, say, the 1988 Criminal Justice Bill, it was very difficult to get anyone to do

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Julian Rothenstein, adapted from a print by J G Posada

anything."

Nevertheless, it must be galling that the NCCL seems becalmed at a moment when other similarly inclined pressure groups—Amnesty International, Greenpeace, Shelter—are making strong headway, and continuing with some assurance to win friends and influence people. Indeed, there is an argument that the prevailing political situation presents a unique opportunity for the NCCL: that any government as bad for civil liberties as this one must be good for civil liberties organisations.

"There was a problem of positioning the organisation in the mid-seventies," recalls Patricia Hewitt. "Because, however neutral our principles were, with a Labour government in power, whenever we attacked it we were perceived as left-of-centre, and could only draw our allies from there. We were constantly being labelled extremist, subversive, anti-police; and issues like the Prevention of Terrorism Act made it hard to avoid those tags. Now, it should be easier to forge a broad alliance of Labour, the centre parties and dissident Conservatives who are all alarmed about civil liberties being trampled underfoot by the government."

The response to this challenge by the NCCL, which has been engaged for some months in internal management restructuring, is a relaunch in the autumn, in the wake of public relations research by Gould Mattinson, the company behind the change of image in the Labour Party (which may or may not be a recommendation). It was discovered that the NCCL lacked the instant recognition of Amnesty or Greenpeace; so the NCCL logo has been redrawn, with the single word "Liberties" prominently placed. The organisation will also try to appeal to the public more directly, both as part of a membership drive, and because it is felt that, at a time when parliamentary lobbying is yielding increasingly limited returns, it is more important than ever to tell the public what is going on, and to get the message across in more concrete terms than those which the abstract term civil liberties generally allows.

Whether this strategy will succeed in lifting the public profile of the NCCL remains to be seen. Perhaps a more serious difficulty lies in estimating what range of work it should undertake. Given both the broad thrust of its objectives and the limited resources on which it must pursue them, it is not surprising that in recent years it has hived off areas of concern to more specifically targeted organisations: mental health concerns have been handled by MIND, and immigration problems have been tackled by the Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants. No argument, there; and, indeed, other organisations, like the Minority Rights Group, may from time to time tackle issues which the NCCL can then afford to ignore.

However, the NCCL has also opted out of many legal matters, leaving them to the Justice organisation. This is a serious error. Much of the NCCL's kudos of recent years has derived from its handling of judicial causes célèbre, as with the three youths wrongly convicted of the Maxwell Confait murder, or the Errol Madden case. Justice is too small and too poorly funded to take over the work; and in any case attained its reputation in the miscarriages of justice field because of the singular dedication with which that brief was pursued by the late Tom Sargant. The Birmingham pub-bombings case, one of the most extraordinary injustices in British legal history, has been taken up neither by the NCCL nor by Justice, but only (somewhat lethargically) by Amnesty. Similarly, government attacks on the principle of jury trial have been inadequately defended by the NCCL. "The administration of justice is absolutely central to the work of a civil liberties organisation," insists Hewitt.

Yet one should not get too despondent. There have been advances in the field of civil liberties, even in the eighties, even under the Thatcher government—just about all of which have emanated either from the European Community or the European Commission on Human Rights. Corporal punishment was abolished in state schools in August 1987 after a European Court judgment. The government had to regularise telephone tapping through the 1985 Interception of Communications Act following another decision of the European Court. (There had previously been no statutory basis for tapping, so the act, however unwelcome, at least had the merit of defining what was legal and what wasn't.) As a result of other cases in Europe, homosexuality was legalised in Northern Ireland in 1982; and the new 1988 Criminal Justice Act allows lawyers to appeal against decisions by Crown Court judges to hold trials in secret. Similarly, Barry Cox, the author of *Civil Liberties in Britain*, who is today director of corporate affairs at London Weekend Television, notes that government attempts to stifle freedom of expression are inevitably doomed. "The globalisation of the media is very important, as has already been seen with *Spycatcher*. Internationally based and distributed satellite systems mean that national governments will no longer be able to restrict the flow of information."

The times are challenging, but by no means entirely depressing; it must be hoped that the NCCL can move with them. ●

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Euro-holler

The TUC has changed its mind about Europe. Norman Willis explains why

"Europe is a wonderful opportunity for the left in Britain." (*NSS*, 5 August) But, the editorial went on to add, "as to what the opportunities really are, we openly admit that we have only the faintest idea." Let me try and answer the question from a trade union standpoint.

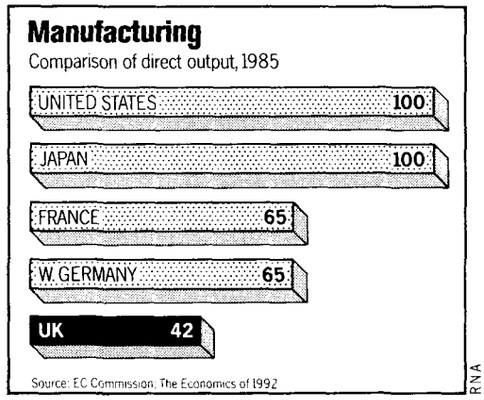
I voted against membership of the European Community in the 1975 referendum. This was partly on economic grounds—the grossly inequitable European budgetary and agricultural arrangements; the negative regional and balance of payments impact; and partly because I thought that the European laws affecting working conditions would probably produce a worse result than if we stayed on our own.

It would, of course, be foolish to suddenly start acting as if everything about the Common Market enterprise had changed for the better. But Europe 1992 does present great opportunities as well as challenges for trade unionism. That's why this week the TUC has published *Europe 1992—Maximising the Benefits, Minimising the Costs*.

So what has changed? First, we share with President of the Commission, Jacques Delors (who will be addressing Congress in September), the conviction that it is now essential for the countries of the Community to develop a co-operative strategy for economic growth, and that Britain has to play a full part in this. The best one can say of the British government's attitude is that it has dragged its feet. Yet the need for action is clear: unemployment in the Community is now running at over 11 per cent. The growth in world competition—and the dominance of Japan and the United States in particular—will require stronger European enterprises. We will have to seize the opportunity to forge strong trade union links and new types of public accountability.

Thus for trade unionists, the 1992 programme comprises not only the harmonisation provisions introduced by Lord Cockfield, the EC commissioner sacked by Mrs Thatcher, but also initiatives which will advance workers' rights and interests side by side with those of commerce. This goal is firmly based on the provisions of the Single European Act, particularly Article 118, which specifically refers to majority voting being used "to encourage improvements in the working environment and health and safety", and to "the development of the dialogue between management and labour at European level"—a provision to which positive reference was made in the communique following the Hanover Summit, much to the annoyance of Mrs Thatcher.

Jacques Delors has proposed a European Company Statute, with three alternative "models" of worker representation: the German system, in which workers are represented in managing bodies; the Franco-Italian system of enterprise committees; and the Swedish system where each company defines co-management through an agreement negotiated with workers' representatives. Not, it will be noted, a mention of the *British* system. This is because we don't *have* a system, we don't *have* any collective rights to involvement in industry. The British system provides fewer workers' rights than any other in Europe. The reason in part is that the British trade union movement has, until recently, not sought such legal rights because we thought we could get what we wanted without them, through strong trade union organisation and collective bargaining. The state of our labour market has helped to change that. And, even more to the point, the role of the law in British industrial relations has become so one-sided it is now a travesty of justice. It is in Brussels that we can actually do something about it.



We are in the lead in forging links with all the unions involved in a particular firm or project. On the Channel Tunnel, for example, we have now arranged two very successful meetings with the relevant unions in Britain and France. The agenda includes the safety aspect (both in the construction and the operating phase) but also an agreed programme of complementary infrastructure investments and the provision for transfer of jobs for workers adversely affected in the maritime and port sectors in 1992-93.

The key to the future is that change should be reciprocal. If a firm in Rochdale has been making boots for the British army for 400 years then it ought to know, and the workforce ought to know, that the public procurement directives will mean that any company in any member state will soon be able to tender to supply these boots. But that means the Rochdale firm has to be looking to the export opportunities as well. Why shouldn't the unions take the initiative?

But what about the dangers in this 1992 exercise? The worry about the centralising tendency of a large market is still there. We must demand a regional and industrial policy which treats the north of England as favourably as the north of Spain. (Incidentally, when one hears the reference in Brussels to the Mediterranean area having priority, it is often expressed in terms of "*transferring resources from the North to the South.*" That's not really what they have in mind in Glasgow or Newcastle or Swansea!)

Our biggest worry is in the area of industrial policy. In a league table of the top 100 European companies (which we have extracted from a global list) in this month's issue of *Fortune International* there isn't one wholly owned British manufacturing company in the top 15. Manufacturing industry isn't the whole of the economy. But give or take an argument about exchange rates or interest rates, our performance has still fallen behind lamentably. According to an EC report, Britain's net output per head is way behind other advanced industrial countries (see table). It is not just a question of falling way behind Japan and America but that we now have so much leeway to make up against France or Germany. Our real wages will only catch up when this changes. There are deep-seated causes for all this, including inadequately resourced education and training and dismal performance in research and development and innovation. But in far too many cases we have to add to this litany not only lack of managerial competence but antiquated trade union structures and methods as well.

All that has got to change. And I frankly believe that there is no other way forward for Britain than to treat the 1992 programme as a catalyst to make sure that we change it. That is why I welcome the fact that so many motions and amendments—11 in all—on this year's Congress agenda are on 1992 and it is timely that this will be such a key debate. Our report *Europe 1992* will be sent to a wide range of managements as well as to trade unions, drawing attention to the kind of domestic initiatives which are long overdue and using the 1992 programme to ask them to make a fresh start. We are saying that if companies do not have a joint committee with the trade unions and workers' representatives in the firm, then they must delay no longer, and set one up; its task should be to carry out an urgent analysis of how 1992 will affect that firm and what the opportunities are which must be grasped.

The trade union task will have to be transformed in many ways. We will have to learn how to provide relevant research data on European firms and industries. We will have to innovate in other ways as well, such as providing opportunities for language training, and making provision for simultaneous interpretation equipment in some of our principal offices as a start.

Our European colleagues welcome the TUC playing its rightful role in the vanguard of these developments. We now have the momentum. We will, I think, surprise everybody with what we can do. ●

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Clean water.

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I enclose £ for the Sudan Emergency Appeal. Or debit my credit card No.* Or telephone 0272-373737 to donate by credit card until 19th August. Donations can also be made through banks and post offices.

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No Bush fire but plenty of smoke

Alexander Cockburn reports from New Orleans on the smokescreen around George Bush's war record

As is proper in this whorish city, the Republican convention has been devoted to the business of saying Hello and Goodbye. The millions of dollars required to perform these simple acts have come as *manna* to the citizens of Louisiana, to whom the Reagan years have not been kind. The fables of the state may revolve around jazz, masked balls and Mardi Gras, but the animating essence has always been oil and throughout the American south-west—Louisiana, Oklahoma and Texas—the oil business is on its ass. The consequences are immediately apparent in the French quarter, where the most conspicuous signs on Burgundy, Perdido, Basin and other streets that resume the early history of jazz are For Rent and For Sale.

The Hello is of course for George Bush who has been battling the widely held view that he is an upper-class wimp. He gave an amazing interview to *USA Today* a couple of weeks ago in which he tried to establish himself as a cross between Burt Reynolds and Johnny Cash, never happier than when eating pork rind, listening to country music and guzzling beer. His advisers are particularly worried about the family gap. In Atlanta the Democrats managed to crowd the podium on the final night with well over a score of young people claiming kith and kinship with Dukakis, Bentsen and Jackson. Bush relatives have been summoned to New Orleans for a retaliatory gathering of the clans while the nominee, alerted that women tend to prefer Dukakis, forces himself to fondle his wife publicly, thus showing that red blood flows in his veins. "Robert Redford lookalike" Dan Quayle has been pulled aboard as running-mate for roughly the same reasons.

The trouble for Bush is that none of this is particularly convincing. He may cram his feet into 'gator skin boots and throw beer cans out the window of his Chevy pick-up, but his voice still has the tinny petulance of a man figuratively born to privilege and literally borne to school by chauffeured limousine in his pre-teen years. The other day he made a joint appearance with his wife Barbara on television but spoiled a fond evocation of their marriage by confusing the years they had lived together with the number of houses they have lived in. Then, still questing the Reynolds image, he lunged to give her a kiss at the close of the programme. She reared back in astonishment. It doesn't help either that Barbara has snow white hair and is often confused with his mother.

Oddly enough, the press is ignoring compelling evidence that he may be a war wimp of a quality that would excite the envy of the great Flashman. I say "oddly" though there's nothing odd about it at all. As is usual, the press celebrates its intrusive pertinacity while behaving with the utmost decorum. Before me is an edition of the *Los Angeles Times* with an immense piece on the "media" as "homogenisers of politics", and as "nit-pickers, peeking into dusty corners, looking for squabbles, celebrating the trivial." Amid this traditional self-celebration masked as self-laceration the press quickly turned its back on the interesting business of how George Bush got shot down over the Pacific in the second world war, thus becoming a certified war hero in the manner of John F. Kennedy.

. . . a candidate who never quite adds up

Every politician likes to have a fine war record. Even President Reagan who spent World War II peaceably at home in Hollywood making training films, tried to muscle in on the action, claiming once to Yitzhak Shamir that he had been part of a film team that had recorded on film the liberation of Auschwitz. Since Auschwitz was in fact liberated by the Russians, this lie was—even by the President's high standards, more than usually baroque. But it did not prevent Reagan from claiming that he'd taken the film home and whenever one of his dinner guests had questioned the reality of the Holocaust (apparently a fairly frequent event in the Reagan dining-room) he'd thrown the film up on the projector and silenced the cynic.

In contrast to Reagan the vice-president would appear to have an unimpeachable claim on martial glory. He was actually shot down over the Pacific by the Japanese, an experience that may not attest to his competence any more than the sinking of PT 109 did for JFK, but at least shows that he is in some sense battle-scarred.

The event occurred on September 2, 1944 when Bush was 22 and the Navy gave him the DFO. A crewman on the rescue ship photographed Bush as he was being pulled from his life raft and this footage has been a staple of Bush campaigns at least since the Republican primaries of 1980.

Bush has given at least four contradictory accounts of this episode, and in recent days a witness has emerged to controvert the fundamentals of the story.

Version One appeared in a profile of candidate Bush in the New York *Times Magazine* of 10 Feb, 1980. Roy Reed, professor of journalism at the University of Arkansas and a former *Times* reporter spent "five or six" days with Bush in preparing his story, certainly time enough for Bush to recall details of his now-famous mission and for Reed to tie up any loose ends. The central questions are; what really happened to Bush's crewmen? Why did Bush, 36 years after the episode, provide a battle scenario regarding their fate substantially different from that given only four years later in 1984?

In Version One Bush's plane was hit by ground fire as he was preparing to drop his bomb load on a Japanese radio station located in Chichi Jima, a Pacific island. He succeeded in releasing the bomb(s) and in damaging the station. The plane, a Grumman Avenger with one gunner seated behind the pilot and another in the belly of the craft near the tail, was set afire. Bush then "pointed the burning torpedo bomber out to sea and bailed out". This version adds that "the other two men in the plane died, probably before Lt Bush touched the water". We are not told why they "died, probably" so quickly. Did the fire immediately engulf them? (Note that they were positioned well aft of the pilot and the fire, in all probability, was forward of Bush.) Did the plane explode? Or were they both mortally wounded by gunfire? If mortally wounded, how would a pilot, particularly in that type of aircraft in the split-seconds available to him, be certain of it? The pilot can't even see the crewman in the belly of the ship. Do the wounded in battle know they have been terminally struck and so inform their commanding officer? In the movies, yes; in this instance, unlikely.

A plausible explanation is that plane commander Bush assumed his crew was beyond

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help and abandoned ship. But why did he have time to bail out, and not they, especially if they weren't wounded? And why didn't the Navy escort the "burning torpedo bomber" with its crewmen out to sea towards a possible rescue? After his splashdown Lt Bush paddled away from the hostile shore in his life-raft under friendly air cover, to where he was picked up by a US submarine.

Troubled by the holes in this story a former gunner on a B-17, Jack Craven, submitted certain questions to Roy Reed and to Bush's office. Reed didn't reply but Bush's spokesman assured him that correct naval procedures were followed in the action. The spokesman also provided a detail in what will be called Version Two. One of Lt Bush's two crewmen had bailed out but died when his chute failed to open. Why had Bush not mentioned that in the 1980 profile? Having your crewman bail out and perish is a picture not as ambiguous as leaving him in a burning plane "pointed out to sea".

Version Two appeared in a report of a ceremony held at Norfolk commemorating the 40th anniversary of Bush's airstrike and rescue. Describing the strike the *New York Times* correspondent wrote that ". . .before ejecting, he (Bush) managed to strafe an enemy air station". And further, ". . . the other two airmen were killed, one by an enemy plane and the other when his parachute failed to open."

Was this second crewman killed in the "burning plane" or in his chute in the air or in the water? Did the Navy not try to protect him as it protected Lt Bush? Why did Bush not mention this fate of the second crewman in the 1980 profile? In that story both crewmen "died, probably" in a few seconds, right after Bush ejected.

Version Three came in the August 3, 1987 edition of the *New Yorker*, when Bush was quoted as saying ". . . I happen to believe that seeing my comrades in my own plane killed in combat. . . sensitises me to the importance of a strong national security." Version Four comes in his recent autobiography: "Suddenly there was a jolt, as if a massive fist had crunched into the belly of the plane. Smoke poured into the cockpit, and I could see flames rippling across the crease of the wing, edging toward the fuel tanks. I stayed with the dive, homed in on the target, unloaded our four 500-pound bombs, and pulled away heading for the sea. Once over water, I levelled off and told Delaney and White to bail out, turning the plane starboard to take the slipstream off the door near Delaney's station."

Then Bush parachuted out. He says that in the water he looked around for Delaney and White, "but the only thing in sight was my parachute drifting away." He says he learned later that one had gone down with the plane and the other's parachtue had failed to open.

Last week Chester Mierzejewski of Cheshire, Connecticut, announced that he had been the tail-gunner in an Avenger flying a hundred feet ahead of Bush's plane on that fateful bombing run. He saw a "puff of smoke" from Bush's plane, at which point the cockpit opened immedately and Bush jumped out. Mierzejewski insists that Bush's plane "was never on fire" and that there was no smoke out of the cockpit. He's been telling this story for years to anyone who would listen.

Thus a fair presumption might be that Bush panicked and abandoned his crew to a horrible death, later glossing over his behaviour with a cobweb of circumstantial detail. Offered this interesting story the press reached respectfully for its forelock, quoting Bush spokesmen dismissing Mierzejewski's eyewitness account as "absurd". This solicitude for Bush's reputation was echoed by Dukakis who said that any suspicion of Bush's valour was regrettable.

This hands-off posture contrasted strongly with the treatment of Dukakis last month in which the press feasted happily on the rumour that he had seen a psychiatrist. Going to a shrink is not an activity deemed compatible with the holding of high office and Dukakis rushed to deny that he had ever gone near a couch or counselling room. Reagan jestingly called Dukakis an "invalid" and the press had a fine time.

Popperfoto/Reuter

Bush on the move: waving or drowning?

Now, as I suggested here a while back (*NSS*, 22 July), careful scrutiny of Dukakis's biographies does suggest that he is a psychic pressure cooker. The shrink rumours can be seen as a kind of vulgar penumbra round the darker reality. Similarly, the Bush wimp slurs can be seen as smoke wreathing round the reality of the burning Grumman Avenger.

People say by way of defense of Bush that underneath it all George is an awfully nice guy. This is characteristic of what Roland Barthes once called the bourgeois passion for thinking in essences, as though some presumptive bedrock niceness must underlie and exonerate the unalluring surface of Bush's performance in office and his eager kinship with such truly undesirable *hombres* as Felix Rodriguez, the guzano who wears Che Guevara's watch and who staffed the contra supply entrepot in Llopango Airbase in El Salvador, a phone call away from the vice-president.

While the Republicans fired themselves up to say Hello to George, some delegates had difficulty in remembering who they were and what they were meant to support. Governor Pierre DuPont of Maryland, an extreme conservative, read out a letter he claimed to have sent Jesse Jackson. "Dear Reverend Jackson," it ran in part "The DuPont family was deeply moved by the words of the Jackson family at your convention . . . Your party talks about a peaceful world, and that is right. Our party opened the door to China, built the bridge to Moscow and is paving the road to lasting peace . . . Reverend Jackson, you seek common ground, higher ground. May I suggest in all sincerity, that the ground you seek is here, in New Orleans, in the party of Lincoln and Reagan and Bush. We ask you to join us because we need you and you need us. You can help America to understand the need."

This invitation was enthusiastically applauded by a crowd almost entirely devoid of any people of colour. I was standing next to the Texan delegation when the video boasted of the signing of the INF Treaty. A craggy bunch, they did not actually boo, but nor did they echo the light applause from the effete Connecticut and Oregon delegations, populated with northern liberal Republicans. In short the delegates really don't know what to think: is theirs the party of *detente*; is their candidate really a Texan wildcatter or in fact an agent of eastern capital, Yale and the Rockefeller elite beaten down in the glorious conventions of Kansas and Detroit.

Even the first of what will be many farewell appearances by Ron and Nancy failed to allay doubt and uncertainty. In a glorious slip, Ron managed to read "Facts are stubborn" as "Facts are stupid", and the injection of involuntary frankness underscored the difficulties many of these Republicans are having in dealing with the world as it is; a president who sat down with the Russians, a president who has drenched the budget in red ink, a governor who wants Jesse Jackson to join their party, a candidate who doesn't ever quite add up. The eight year pig-out has been wonderful, so those well-fleshed Republican jowls announce, and the city of New Orleans is a fine place to honour the pig-out years, but the joy of Hello seems much weaker than the passion of the Goodbye.

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Who sold our school?

Local democracy is bypassed when it comes to closing a popular school to make way for a new City Technology College. Peter Gillman reports from Croydon, long a test-bed for Tory educational reforms

One Friday afternoon a few weeks ago, the caretaker of Sylvan High School, a thriving comprehensive in north-east Croydon, was approached by two men who, he understood, had come to inspect the school's first-year centre. The caretaker recognised one as Donald Naismith, Croydon's director of education, but not the other.

Somewhat to the caretaker's surprise, Naismith and his companion posed a series of questions which seemed to have nothing to do with the first-year centre. Did he think that an extra storey could be built on to the school? Could the school's small playing field be converted into a car park?

The caretaker answered as best he could and the visitors departed. What the caretaker did not realise—and what no one else at Sylvan, including its head-teacher, realised either—was that the school was being sized up as the site of a City Technology College, in furtherance of the government's bid to privatise part of the state education system and to reintroduce selection into secondary schools.

It is now widely suspected that Naismith's companion was Sir Philip Harris, a millionaire carpet manufacturer who has apparently answered the call to fund one of the CTCs; the cost to Sir Philip is believed to be £10 million and it is assumed that Mrs Thatcher will eventually reward him in some manner beyond his existing knighthood. In its own anxiety to satisfy the government, Croydon's ruling Tory group has continued to behave in a secretive manner, while Sylvan's staff and governors fear that they are about to be flattened by an ideological steamroller.

The first that Sylvan's headmaster, Bob Chester, learned of the plans to replace his school with a CTC came when Naismith telephoned and warned him that he was about to be called by the press. A local paper called ten minutes later and imparted such an impressive amount of information that it was clear that someone at Croydon—if not Naismith himself—had given them a detailed brief.

Matters have continued that way ever since, with staff and governors being surprised, time and again, to read about their school's impending demise in local newspapers. The most spectacular example occurred last week, when the *Croydon Post* devoted a double-page spread to Naismith's assertion that Sylvan was so unpopular that it deserved to be closed, backed by photographs depicting a suitably deserted playground. It is this claim which has angered the staff and governors most. Eight years ago Sylvan was indeed in the doldrums when its

FOR HARRIS CT
Reports by ALEX GIFFORD
IN A PARTING SHOT . .
Naismith blasts stagnation fear
Report by ALEX GIFFORD
The Sylvan High debate
rious governors strike back
NEW TALK OF . . .
Centre doubts: Sylvan sell-off
Selhurst
Croydon Post

headmaster resigned on what were said to be "grounds of ill health".

Since then Chester and his staff have worked unstintingly to restore Sylvan's reputation. Last year, when Croydon's school population was in decline, the number of parents nominating it as their first choice rose by 30, equivalent to one entire form. It is in the top half of first-choice schools in the borough and takes a number of pupils from neighbouring Bromley and Lambeth, who pay Croydon for their places.

In the past five years, when it has suited them, Croydon's education councillors and officials have paraded Sylvan as an example of all that is best in education. In 1986 Naismith took Kenneth Baker himself to Sylvan to demonstrate its pioneering work in the impending GCSE exam.

Baker told Chester, in a letter dated 20 June 1986, that he found the staff's dedication impressive and the pupils' enthusiasm delightful. "It is reassuring to know," the Secretary of State concluded, "that there is this kind of worthwhile and rewarding work going on in our schools."

To understand how a popular and lauded school can become a candidate for destruction it is necessary to consider the career and ambitions of Donald Naismith. During his eight years as Croydon's education director Naismith has enjoyed a favourable press. That is, in part, because he has assiduously lunched the specialist education writers, flattering them by choosing fashionable West End restaurants and being unabashed by the price. Those of leftish leanings came away impressed by his egalitarianism, those on the right by his enthusiasm for change.

It is the latter who are more correct—but just how correct only those who have followed Croydon education in detail know. Naismith has boasted of having a direct line to Thatcher, and Croydon has been used as the test-bed for the Tories' educational reforms.

Croydon pioneered the controversial use of testing at seven, 11, 14 and 16 and was firmly on Thatcher's side in her dispute with Baker over how rigidly the tests should be conducted and applied. It ignored the protests of teachers who objected that the new "profiling" required them to record several thousand value judgments about their pupils each year. Naismith persevered with the scheme even when it descended into farce. One of the justifications for introducing the tests and profiles was to "improve communications with parents"—vital in the Tories' drive to take education into the marketplace by helping parents to choose between schools. In fact, when the first results were presented to Croydon's education committee they proved so incomprehensible that Naismith commissioned Saatchi and Saatchi, at a cost of £30,000, to work out how to represent them in a more enlightening manner.

Naismith then plunged into the minefield of teacher assessment, another of the Tories' educational wheezes. He forced through an appraisal scheme in such an abrupt manner that he alienated almost all of the borough's teaching force—damage from which Croydon is now doing its best to recover.

Then came the wooing of Richard Branson, even though his campaign for the cleansing of Britain, for which he was selected by Thatcher herself, seems to have disappeared into the same ether in which he flies his balloons. Branson was escorted around another Croydon school, Selhurst, in the hope that he would

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finance a City Arts College, another of the Tories' educational whims.

It is a measure of the local Tories' naivety that Branson's visit was supposed to be *incognito*. He was, of course, instantly recognised by the Selhurst staff. Branson at first appeared enthusiastic but is now having second thoughts about becoming involved in anything so politically controversial.

It is in part to compensate for Branson's retreat, the local *cognoscenti* suppose, that Naismith is so determined for Croydon to have a CTC. Ideological considerations apart, the lure for Croydon's Tories, who run one of the meanest councils in Britain is the £10 million that selling Sylvan would bring.

That has led them to advance the most disreputable justifications for the proposal, one being the allegation that Sylvan is a declining school. Another, again echoing the arguments of the Education Reform Act, is that it will "improve choice" in the north of Croydon. In fact the opposite will be the case. At present Sylvan is the only mixed comprehensive school in the north of the borough. Its loss will mean that local parents will no longer have that choice. Besides, there is a popular technical school, Stanley Tech, barely a mile from Sylvan, so parents already have that choice anyway.

The Tories have advanced a further inducement, namely that the CTC would include a special centre for dyslexia. (Sir Philip Harris was dyslexic himelf.) It is here that the whiff of hypocrisy is at its strongest, for until now Croydon has refused to admit that dyslexia even exists, thereby saving the cost of educating

Camera Press

Philip Harris: carpet millionaire and backer of the Croydon CTC plan

dyslexic children. Croydon teachers who have long pressed for dyslexic facilities are among those most astonished at the council's Pauline conversion.

Any notion that the Tories are keen to help the disadvantaged is undermined by their admission that the CTC would take its 1,000 pupils from a catchment area of some 5,000—restoring selection to secondary education and creating the elitist system, on the lines of the old grammar schools, that Thatcher so evidently desires.

As for "improving local democracy", another of the government's catch-penny cries, the extent of the Tories' commitment can be judged through the CTC. Its staff and governors have still had no official word from Croydon council over its intentions.

When challenged on this point, Croydon's education chairman, Andrew Pelling, a suave young man who earns a modest living in the City as a bond-dealer for a Japanese merchant bank, says that nothing has yet been decided. That, say the scheme's opponents, is precisely the point. The matter is due to be considered at committee meetings in August and early September and if pushed through, will have been decided during the summer holidays when Sylvan was most vulnerable to attack. Pelling has already said that he wants the CTC to open by 1991.

The staff and governors have, in fact, been meeting to devise a campaign to save the school. They are embarking on the full gamut of community protest, with a petition, a ballot of parents, and lobbying of councillors and MPs. They are also taking legal advice over further moves. "We think the council has underestimated us," says chair of governors Peter Smith. "We're determined to fight every inch of the way."

The most savage irony is that having strived to bring Croydon a CTC, Naismith is about to depart for the even more radical pastures of Wandsworth. In a recent interview he threatened that if Croydon did not agree at once to the proposal for a City Arts College he would take it to Wandsworth instead. Sylvan staff and governors would like nothing more than for him to threaten to take the CTC as well.

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The Burma road

The past year in Burma has been full of unexpected political developments. In August 1987 the country's dominant leader for 26 years, the 77-year-old Burma Socialist Programme Party (BSPP) Chairman U Ne Win, confessed that the "Burmese road to socialism" was not leading to economic growth and prosperity and that the one-party state he and fellow former army officers had crafted might have to be reformed. The events which followed Ne Win's admissions culminated on 23 July this year with his resignation, an act which in turn set off a wave of nationwide demonstrations and protests and, despite martial law, caused the resignation of Ne Win's successor, 64-year-old former general Sein Lwin only 18 days after taking office. This Friday, 19 August, the leaders of Burma will hold special meetings of the ruling BSPP central executive committee and Pyithu Hluttaw (People's Assembly) to choose another leader and ratify further economic and political changes.

Whether Ne Win's and Sein Lwin's successors will be able to restore political order after the violent student and urban demonstrations, in which perhaps as many as 1,000 people died between 8-12 August, will depend initially on how well they can satisfy the public that their intentions are honourable and that they will govern with greater concern for human rights, personal liberties and justice. In the longer term, however, their success will depend upon whether they can reform the economy. Regardless of what else happens, it appears inevitable that Burma's attempt at autarkic economic development will end.

Burma began to follow an autarkic policy of economic self-sufficiency and isolationism, the "Burmese way to socialism", following a military coup on 2 March 1962. The Revolutionary Council government led by General Ne Win carefully pursued a neutralist foreign policy. In 1979 the country even withdrew from the Non-Aligned Movement. By resolutely avoiding any involvement in the major international conflicts affecting neighbouring Asian and south-east Asian countries, Burma acquired a reputation for stability. This has now been shattered by the current succession crisis.

So what went wrong? Burma started its socialist road to development with the aim of avoiding political and economic entanglements with the rest of the world, even though it was partly inspired by British Fabian socialism. It has found itself 26 years later with a huge foreign debt to service, imminent food shortages, inflation in three figures and almost mendicant status as one of the United Nations' recognised "least developed countries". The facile answer is that the leadership of the ruling party, largely from the army, is corrupt, incompetent and unwilling to learn from the example of the prosperous, more open economies of neighbouring countries such as Thailand, Malaysia and now China. Certainly the leading officials of the more than two million-member BSPP have achieved important positions in society and their authority allows them advantages that other citizens do not enjoy. These are largely in the form of access to scarce goods which they can resell at a profit to supplement their (modest) incomes. Given the impecunious nature of the state, government salaries have been too meagre to provide a satisfactory standard of living for almost anyone in the country, right up to the top of the ruling group.

But this is a symptom of the present dilemma, not the cause. The cause lies deeper, in the inability of the state to mobilise capital for investment and to direct economic activities in productive directions for the benefit of the whole society. Thus the importance of the "black" or previously semi-legal private market. As a Burmese official once remarked, Burma is both a rich country with a poor government and a closed society with open borders.

After 26 years of attempting to develop an indigenous manufacturing capacity, the structure of employment and pattern of economic activity are little different from the way they were in 1962, or, indeed, 1931. Burma remains primarily an agrarian society, with more than 65 per cent of the 15.8 million labour force dependent on agriculture, animal husbandry, fishing and forestry for employment. Many of the larger industrial establishments, only four of which are not government-owned, have been closed for all or part of the past year because of a lack of raw materials, spare parts and fuel. In the meantime, less expensively produced Chinese and better-quality Thai goods continue to flow into the country, undermining Burma's ability to develop its own manufacturing base. This flow of smuggled goods both helps finance the insurgents in the border areas and undermines the government's ability to stimulate growth through the development of manufacturing.

But the major reason for the absence of sustained growth has been the shortage of investment capital. When the Revolutionary

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Burmese socialism was never going to work. Robert H. Taylor on the trouble with autarky

Piers Cavendish/Reflex

Burma's isolation has had a high price

Council took power in 1962 it faced two options. Within the military a debate developed as to whether to pursue a more open, internationally oriented development strategy, similar to that which the army pursued when it was in power between 1958 and 1960; this would have allowed for the development of joint ventures and given a larger role to domestic private capital, much of which was in the hands of Chinese and south Asian immigrants who had arrived during the period of British colonial rule. The alternative was to pursue an autarkic policy. Autarky better fitted Burma's neutralist foreign policy, especially at a time when the Americans were increasing their military activities in Laos and Vietnam, while Thailand was becoming more deeply allied with the United States, and the ultimate focus of American hostility was Burma's largest neighbour, the People's Republic of China.

The leading advocate of a more open economy was Brigadier Aung Gyi, the man whose criticism of the present order has become a rallying point for critics recently. Aung Gyi lost out in early 1963 to those who favoured state-dominated and self-financed economic development.

The alternative to foreign investment was to raise capital domestically, but in a largely agrarian society this meant taxing the peasantry, and extracting from them any surplus profits. The Revolutionary Council had ruled out this option almost from the day it took power. Among its first and most popular actions was the introduction of legislation abolishing rent, followed by laws which effectively abolished all peasant indebtedness. Having made the peasantry its political base and alienated urban groups, the government was in no position to lean hard on the peasants to produce profits for the state.

The result was an attempt to keep agricultural and other prices low through a system of government regulations, in the expectation that the difference between Burma's cheap production costs and high world prices would result in a significant income for the state and a surplus for investment. It didn't work.

Spared onerous taxation, rent and debt repayments, but provided with few incentives, agrarian productivity declined while domestic consumption increased. There was no political unrest in the countryside but the cities stagnated. Agricultural technology changed little and the life of the Burmese peasant, the heart of the country, became probably the most peaceful and perhaps even most contented in Asia. But this political peace had within it the seeds of a long-term financial crisis for the state as the population continued to grow and alternative forms of employment did not develop. Smuggling and other means of avoiding unprofitable dealing with the government's trade corporations and co-operatives abounded and the state became poorer.

Recognising its dilemma, the government in the early 1970s undertook a re-evaluation of economic policy. It decided that while foreign investment still would not be welcome, it would be necessary to obtain foreign capital to assist economic growth. As a result, a multilateral Burma Aid Group was established; Burma took one or two commercial loans to assist its declining oil industry; but more importantly, Burma received increasing aid flows from Japan, West Germany and a great variety of smaller donors. Projects of the United Nations Development Programme, Australian aid and help from other nations flourished without compromising Burma's international neutrality.

The result of what was, in world terms, a small amount of capital investment was immediate and obvious. The economy began to grow again as capital investment rose to more than 48 per cent in the peak year, 1977-78. GDP growth rates went from one per cent in 1972-73 to 4.2 in 1975-76, and then to 7.9 in 1982-83. But then problems arose. Much of the growth had come from increased investment in agriculture, especially in so-called "miracle rice" varieties. As world trade declined in the early to mid 1980s, Burma's poor-quality rice and other primary product exports lost value in world markets. Burma's official exports fell in value from US $422.8 million in 1982 to $310.8 million in 1985 and are continuing to fall. Imports have also declined from $913 million in 1982 to a mere $512 in 1985 and have continued to fall. The result is an economy with grossly inadequate supplies of medicine, consumer goods and machinery.

The problem is compounded by the fact that the repayment period for many of Burma's international loans began in the mid-1980s. The country's debt service ratio has risen from 33 per cent in 1982 to as much as 60 to 80 per cent today. The appeal for the "least developed country" status was to allow major donors, mainly Japan and West Germany, to abandon some of Burma's obligations to them. The international trading situation was so serious at the beginning of this year that reserves fell to less than $30 million.

The cities have faced the brunt of the current crisis, first because the economic liberalisation that began last September and which was endorsed and partially extended at last month's extraordinary congress of the BSPP, has led to rampant inflation. The government has removed its official monopoly in the trading of basic commodities such as rice, pulses and meats. Prices have been driven up because of shortages of goods compounded by an inadequate transport infrastructure. Farmers and traders are increasing their profits and students and others in the cities who buy their staples in the markets and restaurants are protesting. Similarly, government employees and factory workers, many of whose monthly salaries can barely cover a few days' food bills, have seen the system of subsidised and regulated cheap commodities disappear.

Now the government has indicated that foreign capital will be welcomed and joint venture arrangements are to be re-established, although not in the most important sectors of the economy such as mineral production, petroleum, armaments and teak. Foreign collaboration in these sectors may, however, be permitted. Burma's road to socialism via autarkic development seems to have been diverted. ●

Robert H. Taylor teaches South East Asian politics at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, and is the author of "The State in Burma".

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Fergie's flab

Rosalind Coward on why Fergie—posh, pigging it and pregnant—became a tabloid hate object

Rex Features

If Fergie's pregnancy was another example of the British media's enduring love affair with royalty, then the nation as a whole must subscribe to the theory that true love is mostly made up of hate. For hate it surely was that fuelled the fascination which the tabloids displayed for a royal lady who let herself go and pigged it through pregnancy.

I suppose as a feminist I should have been outraged at this excessive attention to the swelling shape of Fergie. But I wasn't. For the first time, the *Sun* and I had a common hate-object, and I couldn't fail to enjoy the relish with which they went about their task. Fergie had "piled on" an "incredible four stone"; she was waddling about in designer clothes and still looking a sight; she was addicted to chocolate. Her punishment was rising blood pressure with a predicted caesarean. And even when this prediction turned out to be wrong, the *Sun* was undaunted. They wheeled out a "top obstetrician" to shake his head over the weight of the baby and point his finger at Fergie's excessive champagne intake.

The *Sun* set the pace for the other tabloids. It was Fergie's body which dominated most reports. The *Mirror* selected some truly mountainous pictures to "celebrate" the Duchess' survival of a difficult pregnancy. *Today* managed to find a fitness-freak friend of Fergie who opined, "For her to look the way she did immediately before she had the baby, something must have gone drastically wrong. It is quite unusual for someone to end up so enormous." (Obviously the upper classes are not familiar with the concept of class solidarity.) But the *Sun* as always went furthest. They exhorted Fergie to lose 56 lbs in 49 days and even recruited a Fergie look-alike (see left) to leave us in no doubt as to what Fergie currently looks like in her undies.

At one level, this coverage is simply a parody of street gossip, simultaneously blowing a trivial event out of all importance and then giving a head to unadulterated malice, usually by quoting other people's references to the Duke and Duchess of Yuk or the Yuppie Princess. It would be easy to explain this in terms of the tabloid's ambivalence. "Personalities" (whose main feature in common is the absence of that attribute) are set up and then humiliated; sexual scandals are reported in great detail only then to be the object of moralising. But the attention to Fergie's body was also more than this. In both the *Sun* and the more sycophantic reports, Fergie's pregnancy symbolised the way in which women's bodies and their "natural" functions are used by the tabloids to deny the existence of class differences and to construct the myth of a united people with common interests.

In the sycophantic coverage of the Fergie baby, what was stressed was the universal aspect of birth. It allowed, as had Di's two pregnancies, endless articles on "Breast is best for the new princess". Psychologists were called in to detail hormonal changes and the possibilities of post-natal depression. Even Sheila Kitzinger, usually the darling of more radical causes, was dragged in to advise the royal couple to spend the first few days in bed getting to know the baby. Fergie's body in this context was the excuse for pictures of post-natal exercises, and accounts of the changes every woman feels in her body and her emotions. Any possibility of differences simply disappeared. The royal baby was a grander, more important version of every family's experience. And in the view of the tabloids, Fergie's bloated form was an emblem of the major hazard a woman has to face while pregnant—the loss of her sexual attractiveness.

Even though most papers drew attention to the expensive private hospital and the top nanny waiting in the wings, the line taken was remarkably consistent. The emotions of motherhood will be the same for Fergie as for any woman. Just as women's sexual bodies, their breasts and their wish for male attention, are used to evoke a whole area of "natural" behaviour, so too was motherhood. The drastic differences confronting individuals in the choices they can make around children was rendered entirely secondary to the themes of shared experience. The only difference allowed was that of modernity versus the traditional, with the Duchess of York strangely allied with the progressive and new.

But the sadistic interest which the *Sun*, and to some extent the other tabloids, took in Fergie's flab brought something else into play too. For Fergie was set up as the exact antithesis of the firm-breasted adolescent girl much loved by the *Sun*. This was the greedy, fat woman whose appetite was out of control. The hostility was of a kind all too familiar to women. It was an anger and hatred which can find a perfect target if any part of a woman's body is clothed in fat. And there can be little doubt that submerged in the gleeful probing of the royal cellulite was anger and hostility. This was more than just a personality who couldn't even do as well as most of the readers. This was an upper-class woman, a woman with every advantage, who couldn't even maintain the glamour of Di that would merit the endless attention which the tabloids pour on her.

Fergie's flab in fact provided the perfect focus for a vestigial class hatred. The scorn poured on her body allowed a hostility to emerge, but channelled it into issues of the shape of women's bodies. It was as if mocking her body could stand in for any of the hostility people might feel about her life, a strange reversal of Freud's "return of the repressed", where now it's class that erupts into sex, rather than sex disturbing the everyday. In the hostility to Fergie's body, the *Sun* could make a perfect compromise with any resentment in its working-class readership towards the excessive privileges of its favourite subjects.

Now, of course, that the baby is born, the celebration of the universal event of childbirth is what dominates, even in the *Sun*. But the last seven months certainly provided an exemplary lesson in the vital role which women play in the construction of a mythology of a united British people. The common events of childbirth and motherhood can be used to suggest universal human emotions; and awareness of difference and inequality can be channelled into the differences between female bodies. Yet it is surely not insignificant in the current political climate that Fergie's baby is the first of the recent royal crop not to be born in an NHS hospital, but in the American-style splendour of the private Portland Hospital. But reading the tabloids it would be easy to think the only thing that mattered was Fergie's weight. In fact, issues of difference and privilege have been raised only to be lodged in a malicious questioning of how well women can control their appetites. ●

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POLITICAL COLUMN

Tale of two Israels

The real question for the future is, "which Israel do you support?"

Stephen Howe

Like most armchair liberals I have long felt fairly, if no doubt deceptively, clear about the desirable form of a Middle East peace settlement. It would involve the creation of a Palestinian state alongside Israel, embracing the West Bank and Gaza Strip. This is also the preference of most Israeli "doves" and Palestinian moderates. It would probably not include the Arab quarter of Jerusalem, although the projected PLO government-in-exile will, it's said, partly be based there. Israelis feel so strongly about its fate that including it in the projected mini-Palestine would wreck hopes of a settlement. Such a new state would have to be demilitarised, and both its security and that of Israel guaranteed through a general regional peace treaty—for which the USA would inevitably have to play the honest broker.

It has been evident for some years now that the key Arab states in the dispute would accept such a compromise; however grudgingly and to the accompaniment of however much revanchist rhetoric. The likelihood of Palestinian acceptance has always been more difficult to gauge; not least because the PLO's leaders, anxious to hold their fractious following together, have never spoken with a very clear or unequivocal voice on the issue. Again, though, the analysts' consensus has increasingly been that a two-state solution could be made to stick with the PLO and with the occupied territories' inhabitants. PLO official Salah Khalaf has said that their new charter will recognise Israel.

No fundamental, no *rational* Israeli interest would be threatened by an arrangement on these lines. The strongest, and maybe the only morally decent, Israeli argument for retention of the territories has always been that they're an indispensable security barrier. Now the recently formed Council for Peace and Security, which has the support of a majority of Israel's senior reserve officers, has exploded that claim. Four out of five former Chiefs of Staff have come out in favour of territorial compromise.

Before 1967, no Arab state would talk with Israel about peace. Since then, the most immediate barriers preventing any movement have been Israeli politicians. This is not so much because they haven't wanted compromise, though some on the right have never been very interested, as because Israel is so deeply and so evenly divided on the issue. At the last election in 1984, Likud and the religious parties gained 875,001 votes; Labour and the small left parties (most of them far more wholeheartedly doveish than Labour) 874,821. There were just 180 votes between those who are generally prepared to put the preservation of democracy and the hope for peace above the retention of territory, and those who are not. It was a perfect recipe for inertia: no one liked the status quo, but no one could command a clear majority for changing it. And any possible change would induce bitter opposition from entrenched, and potentially violent, minorities. A few years ago, Israeli analysts by no means given to alarmism were talking of possible civil war if the occupied territories were abandoned.

The *intifada*, the Palestinian uprising in the occupied regions, looked likely to shake the Israeli polity out of that wary inactivity. A policy of occupation which, though imposing unending strain, seemed less risky than the available alternatives and was just about politically tolerable, is ceasing to be so. Almost every day for nine months now, demonstrators—and occasional bystanders—have been shot dead. We have learnt astonishingly little about the aims and strategy behind the rising. Yet although evidently spontaneous and lacking overall central direction, the protests have aims; and among these must be to force Israeli politicians and public opinion into movement. That is certainly happening, and one aspect of this movement of opinion is deeply alarming. Voters on the right have hardened their positions; more and more of them are prepared to countenance drastic and brutal solutions to the crisis, such as mass expulsion. A *Jerusalem Post* poll last week showed very nearly half the respondents favouring such measures.

Short of nuclear holocaust or of civil war, Israel's existence is not in danger

Extremist and racist views about Arabs now extend far beyond the circles around Meir Kahane, Ariel Sharon or Gush Emunim. Those outside observers, like me, who have greeted with immense hope every successive manifestation of Israeli leftist and pro-peace activism, from Peace Now to the present generals' initiative, fear increasingly that we may be grasping at straws. What if the blustering *immobilisme* of Shamir, or the trigger-happy lunacy of some West Bank settlers—whose vision of their own "pioneering" role, and of their Arab neighbours, seems to owe more to the Wild West movies many imbibed in their comfortable American childhoods than to religious faith or national aspiration—are now the true, the majoritarian voices of Israel? Against apparently mounting odds, I refuse to believe that they are.

The serious question today, for everyone outside the region who cares about peace, and about the fate of Israel, is not—as it has so long been—"Do you support Israel or not?" Short of nuclear holocaust or of internal civil war, Israel's existence is not in danger. The Arab states have neither the means nor, it increasingly appears, any serious intention to invade again. Even among the Palestinians, it seems, a majority would be prepared to accept a settlement far more limited, and more compatible with Israeli needs, than their rhetoric of "return" suggests.

The real question for the future is, "*which* Israel do you support?" Is it to be support for that half—almost exactly half—of the population which believes in democracy, the rule of law, universalist principles of human rights; which opposes ethnic and religious chauvinism and hence calls for peace? Or support for that other half which for whatever reason—fear, ignorance, religious zealotry, anti-Arab racism, or the pleasure in wielding power, from which no people is immune—will place retention of land above all else? Is it support for Israeli, and thus of necessity also for Palestinian democrats, for the ideal of Israel as a democracy: support, that is to say, only insofar as it pursues peace and grants equal rights to its Arab citizens? Or is it adherence to Israel's "national interests" (so often a catspaw for those of the USA) as defined by her most reactionary politicians?

These questions are posed with especial poignancy for Jews outside Israel—but it is at best naive, at worst covertly anti-semitic, to suggest that they have some unique responsibility to answer them. For they are questions above all for the policy-makers and opinion-formers of the west, starting with Ronald Reagan's successor.

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LETTERS

Ordinary people

Sarah Benton's observations on "ordinary people" and in particular the Wilkins family were helpful in summarising the problem. I'm not sure there was much of a solution on offer.

The weakness of the Wilkins saga lay in the attitude of the film makers. They observed the Wilkins, they obviously liked them, and they got on well together, but finally they patronised them. When Mrs Wilkins revealed her contradictions, her racialism, her support for capital punishment and her belief in Thatcher's strength, then if that relationship had been worth anything, the film maker had important questions to ask. Mrs Wilkins, what future for your half-caste children? What about your police-hating son, happy to see him get the birch?

Mrs Wilkins presents us with all the contradictions around in many working-class families—she graphically explained why so many read the *Sun* and think like back bench Tory barbarians. But the film also shows how those ideas will continue unless they are challenged, whether on the doorstep, at work, or in front of millions. The responsibility lay with those who made the film.

John Dickie
Northampton

Action men

Sheila Rowbotham in "Agenda gap" (5 August), says I characterise "the social qualities of masculinity as bad and those of femininity as good". Not so. True, masculinity as lived in our culture is a disaster. But we can hardly celebrate femininity. Instead we have surely to call in question a gender system that shapes men and women (who could be infinitely diverse) into action man or barbie doll.

Luckily there is no evidence that women are born to be "feminine". We can on the other hand say loud and clear that out of the rubble of the ghetto to which women have been historically and culturally relegated we have brought with us some values—very different from those men's lives have generated in them—on which socialist women and men of good will may build. They include a preference for communicating and caring over fighting, and some hesitation about the primacy of production and technology.

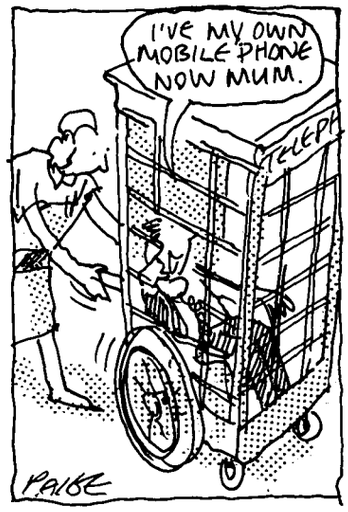
Sheila Rowbotham is happy that some men are "fighting gender inequality". Yes. But we know now that equality is not enough. What some women ask of socialist men today is much more. It is to acknowledge and confront the masculinism and misogyny that vitiate society, and even socialist thought and action.

Cynthia Cockburn
London NW5

Exclusive red boxes

"On a ring and a prayer" by Patrick Wright (5 August) states, "The old red telephone boxes . . . represent the age of social provision—uniform, reliable and available to all". Wheelchair users have always been excluded from using this form of communication due to its physical inaccessibility.

Red public telephone boxes represent to me, as a wheelchair user, an age of public provision based



on the assumption that disabled people would not need/want to use the phone boxes because a carer or "special" provision would be made to accommodate their needs. Such assumptions disabled impaired people by segregating their needs.

Peter Mansell
Kent

Boxing brain boxes

In his article "Bimbos and brain boxes" (5 August), Stuart Cosgrove gives the impression that he is setting out to expose male misconceptions about female singer-songwriters. "Bimbo" and "brainbox", he says, have taken over "virgin" and "whore" as ways in which men classify women, but are equally obscuring of the truth. Why, if he does not think the definitions are correct, does he then proceed to divide women singers into these categories and give the impression, furthermore, that it is somehow their fault that they have been so labelled.

The pop world is commercially motivated and unscrupulous in its moulding of musicians (men and women) into saleable commodities. Women are particularly vulnerable because they are expected to conform to a predetermined notion of how they should look and sound. It is no wonder that real talent and creative ability are either crushed or obscured and the same talentless performers are elevated to star status.

Essentially there is not much difference between the "virgin/whore" and "bimbo/brainbox" philosophy—they are both ways of putting women in boxes and not taking what they do and say seriously.

Judith Beer
London SE13

This England

You are correct to consider the title "This England" "mocking rather than patronising or presumptuous". (Editor's note, Letters, 5 August). I recall discussing the title with Kingsley Martin in Glasgow a very long time ago. We had been surprised even then that this question could have been raised by anyone who had ever scanned the entries, the bulk of which aimed to cause a chuckle at some of the more outlandish Anglo-Saxon assumptions of moral or social superiority.

As to a proposal to introduce a "This Scotland" column, I would suggest that this is the last thing Donald MacDonald should want. The flood of entries from your English readers would rapidly make him terminate his subscription.

Do not let the proferred glass of malt whisky worry you. There will still be one here if you maintain the status quo.

Robert Macintyre
Argyll

Selective justice

Since the end of the second world war, the Soviets, their apologists in the west, self-proclaimed "investigative reporters" and "Nazi-hunters" have all, time and again, raised a trite canard about "thousands" of Nazi war criminals hiding amongst us. If it were true it would certainly be a cause for outrage and prompt legal action. But, as Canada's own Commission of Inquiry on War Criminals, headed by Mr Justice Jules Deschenes, found out (after more than two years of intensive research), such allegations are unfounded.

For example, after examining statements on this subject by Sol Littman, a Toronto-based representative of the Los Angeles Simon Wiesenthal Center, the Commission criticized him and his associates for "grossly exaggerating" the number of war criminals who might be in Canada.

This Commission also concluded—and it is odd that Mr Harriman, whose article suggests at least a passing acquaintance with the contents of Mr Deschenes' report—that the Ukrainian Division "Galicia" should not be indicted as a group, that its members had been individually screened, and that charges of war crimes against the Division had "never been substantiated". Justice Deschenes also noted that members of the Division, near Rimini, Italy, were screened not only by officers of the Anglo-American powers but by a Soviet team as well.

Certainly, there are individuals alive today who can be charged with crimes against humanity, villains who have never been brought to justice. One of them is Lazar Kaganovich who is still alive and well, living in comfortable quarters in Moscow. Mr Harriman would be well advised to ask the Soviet authorities why it is that in these times of *glasnost* Kaganovich has never been brought to justice for his role in the politically engineered famine in 1932-1933 in Ukraine, when several million people were artificially starved to death.

The question is whether Mr Harriman and his confederates are genuinely interested in bringing *all* perpetrators of crimes against humanity to justice, or whether they have a hidden agenda. I, for one, believe that selective justice is no justice at all.

Dr Lubomyr Luciuk
Canada

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STAND

Heads without feet

Ann Oakley

There is a computer software firm that will sell you a programme called a text randomizer. For about £25, you can have something which will give you a range of lexicons to play with: one writes blank Shakespearean verse, another does horoscopes, a third produces disgusting new recipes. Even more intriguingly, there is a lexicon which suggests short-story plots, putting together random combinations of characters, situations, themes and so on. When combined with a word processor, containing speller, thesaurus and word count facilities, the writer's own role would seem to be in danger of being marginalized.

This is increasingly how it feels to be a social scientist faced with the machinery of Thatcher's Britain. Whatever you do, or try to do, there is the sense that once it's been through the system and comes out (if it is allowed to come out at all) it may be unrecognisable.

The sociological imagination was described by the redoubtable C Wright Mills 30 years ago as consisting of the ability to unite public issues and private troubles. Fiction writers struggle to do the same, and it is their very skill at representing the ideological urgencies of the time within the idiosyncracies of individual characters and relations that attracts us to the project of the novel. But in order to write fiction and to write fact we need plots that have authenticity and over which we're allowed some control. Text randomizers don't fit the bill, for the ingenuity of technology is not the same thing as its appropriateness.

I don't think I'm going to buy a text randomizer, in the same way as many of us feel distinctly unwilling to buy the new model of research as randomized by the text of Thatcherism. It's not, I hasten to add, randomization itself that I'm against. On the contrary, I'm one of the few social scientists around who is "wedded" (nice word that, now that the divorce rate is one in three) to the use of random allocation in experimental research in whatever field. It seems to me to be the only approach worth using if you wish to pursue the outmoded (Thatcherite?) ideal of establishing cause and effect relations.

What is regrettable is that so few of the important social factors that influence people's lives *can* be randomized—for both ethical and practical reasons. Could unemployment, for example, be randomized so that policy makers could be convinced that it *does* damage people's health and it isn't only the unhealthy who lose their jobs. Or marriage: to establish its gender-differentiated effects. A randomized, controlled trial of social workers might help to answer longstanding questions, presently re-evoked by the Cleveland child abuse story, about the effectiveness of this particular service.

As a matter of fact, there was such a study in Cambridge, Massachusetts in 1935. A group of boys were randomly assigned, some to the individual help of social workers, some not. When followed up 40 years later the group that had received social work help hadn't done particularly well: in fact 42 per cent of this group, compared with 32 per cent of the group without social work help, had what the researchers termed "undesirable" outcomes. They'd committed crimes, been diagnosed as manic-depressive, schizophrenic or alcoholic, or simply died. As usual, various interpretations are possible from these findings. The unrealistic expectations of defeating the system conveyed by social workers to their clients is one possibility. Another is the stigma of constantly having a social worker trotting up to one's front door.

Whatever happened to that glorious 1970s mix of empiricism and ideas?

Many years ago I remember being seriously affronted when Selma James, a most assertive and frightening lady, called me (as a sociologist) a "servant of the bourgeois state". (This was before her present engagement with the rights of prostitutes.) I didn't really understand the point then, but I do now, as social science teaching and research is increasingly being squeezed into the uncomfortable tight and inflexible plastic mould of "policy-relevance".

A recent example of this is the Department of Health's current aim to seek tenders for research on lone mothers (not lone parents). It is apparently aimed at uncovering the reasons why so many women are childbearing and childrearing outside marriage, in circumstances of dependence on state benefits. The increase in non-marital reproduction is, of course, one of the most profoundly interesting social phenomena of the 20th century; but one suspects that the Secretary of State's concern with it is rather more financial, not to say moral, in tone.

Again, the concept of "policy-relevance" is not in itself problematic. But what about policy for policy's sake? And whose policy? And for whom? Whatever happened to that glorious 1970s mix of empiricism and ideas—the great British tradition of having one's feet on the ground and one's head in the air, at one and the same time.

I recently attended a Social Policy Association conference in Edinburgh on the subject of Health Beyond Medicine. The conference was remarkable for two things. Firstly, it brought together the social policy specialists and the sociologists of health and illness (who do not like to be called medical sociologists for obvious reasons). Secondly, the result was a wonderfully irrascible coalition of opposition to the present politically engineered decline in both social policy and health. (War, as we all know, is renowned for its unionist properties.)

I sneaked off one afternoon with another well-known radical to the local swimming bath. Outside the bath, we were asked by a young lad for a light. Actually, he didn't put it quite like that, he said something in Scottish which neither of us at first understood. We wanted to tell him we had just attended a splendid materialist analysis of smoking behaviour at the conference, but fortunately felt rather at a loss for words.

We did a few lengths in order to promote our health, then repaired to the municipal sauna and sun-bed facility (health promotion aspects more dubious, but fun). Here the lids of the sun-beds creaked to the sound of female voices discussing strategies for the getting of untainted research monies. We talk about it all the time but, like good childrearing or good gender relations, it seems much harder these days to do it.

Apart from computer software and political hardware that randomizes one's texts, I am told there is also something called a computer translator. The apocryphal story is that the experts who were testing it got it to put an English text into French and then back again. The result was inspiring. "Out of sight, out of mind" came out as "invisible idiot". Quite. And this is exactly the fate that one fears will befall the products of the sociological imagination bereft of its welfare state—or the welfare state deprived of the benefits (and hazards) of the sociological imagination.

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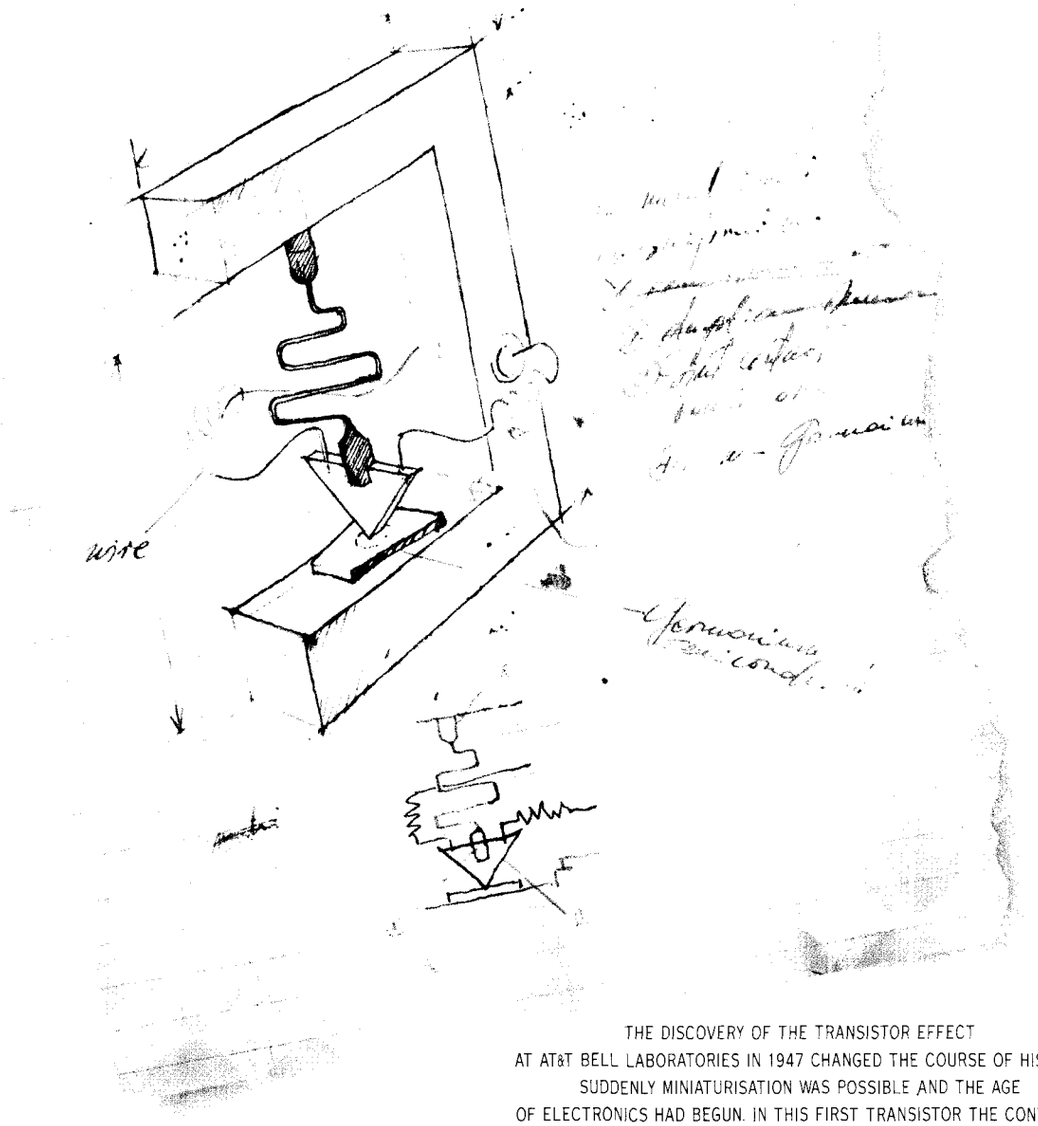

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Demographic Dreams

The newly-"discovered" phenomenom of vanishing youth should herald a new dawn for social policy, argues Malcolm Wicks

Social and economic policy debate is so pre-occupied with short or at best medium-term issues that we are in danger of ignoring what will happen in the next century. This has been illustrated in recent weeks by the realisation of something that has been plain for years: that we are about to run out of young people, and that something must be done.

The significance of this goes far wider than youth policy. It has major implications for female employment, the association between family and employment, and for prospects for care—for young and old alike.

The fact that British youth is a declining species, and that the population is ageing, can easily pave the way for much pessimistic punditry —a demography of despair. It's useful, therefore, to take a cool look at what is actually happening and to discuss some of the implications. There are problems, certainly, but also opportunities.

Where have all the young people gone? At first glance it may seem a bit puzzling. We have become so familiar with too many youngsters chasing too few jobs—and now we have to grapple with a shortage. What are the facts? The proportion of the total unemployed made up of 16 and 17 year olds reached a peak of one fifth in July 1980: at that time a third of this group who had nominally entered the workforce were in fact unemployed. Eighteen months later the government published its White Paper announcing firm proposals for the Youth Training Scheme. Schemes such as this have ameliorated or camouflaged the situation, depending on your point of view. Since the mid seventies the proportions of 16 year olds in education, training and employment have changed dramatically, as the diagram (right) shows.

High levels of youth unemployment in the early eighties were due in large measure to birth trends in the early sixties. In 1964 the number of births in Great Britain rose to nearly 1 million and these children reached minimum school leaving age in 1980-81.

The fall in the birthrate since the 1960s, together with the expectation that the rate will remain low, explains the turnaround. From 1985 to 2025 the biggest fall will be in 15-24 year olds, whose numbers will drop by just over two million, with smaller drops in 10-14 year olds, 25-29 year olds and 35-39 year olds. All other age groups will increase in number, with the biggest bulge—of about about a million—in 55-59 year olds.

No longer will we have more teenagers than we can cope with: the lean years are creeping up on us

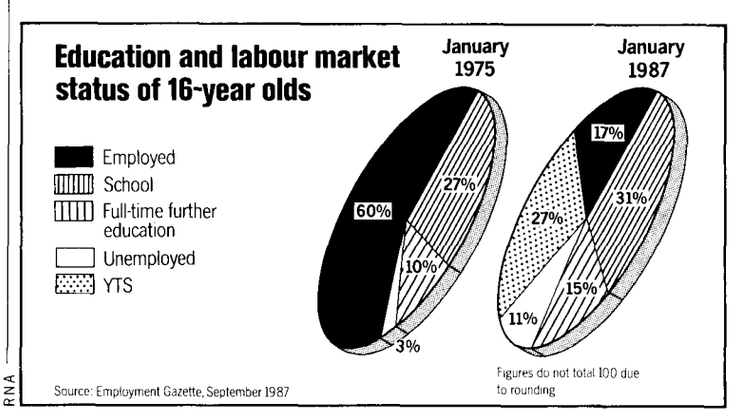
Even in the shorter term, from 1985 to 1996, the number of 15-19 year olds will decline sharply, by over 1 million. Nurse recruitment illustrates the problem. The profession annually recruits between 20-27,000 student nurses, 90 per cent of them female. This represents about one in four of all suitably qualified women. To maintain the staffing level through the 1990s and beyond, the proportion would have to increase to something like one in two or one in three. This target will not be acheived, in the face of stiff competition from the finance sector and a whole range of other employers offering attractive inducements to young school leavers.

The implications for young people themselves are more mixed than might seem the case. During the 1990s, the well-educated, qualified and trained youngster—male and female—will be much courted, and the world will indeed seem their oyster. But this does not mean that the problem of youth unemployment, or poor job prospects for young people, will disappear magically at a twist of the demographic trend. Those who leave school with few qualifications will still face unattractive prospects.

In policy terms, Britain needs to adjust quickly. From a mental and political image of there being far too many young people to cope with, where training schemes became an easy way of keeping youngsters off the street (or at least for a while), the need is now to view every young person, if only from an economic point of view, as a significant resource worth investing in.

The consequence of disappearing youth extend into the whole labour market however, and has particular implications for women. The table below looks at economic activity rates for men and women by age groups. Despite rapidly rising levels of female unemployment outside the home—women made up only 21 per cent of the labour force in 1951, but 42 per cent by 1986—male and female economic activity rates are significantly different.

In the longer term, of course, much depends on the future of work, the impact of technologies on job prospects, levels of demand, and many other things. But for the forseeable future, it looks as if employers will



Economic Activity Rates

Age	Men	Women
16-19	73.7	71.1
20-24	84.5	69.2
25-44	94.0	67.2
45-54/59(1)	88.0	70.2
55-59(2) 60-64	53.4	51.7
60-65+(3)	7.5	6.5
All	73.4	49.2

Source: Social Trends 18, HMSO 1988
1) 45-54 for females, 45-59 for males
2) 55-59 for females, 60-64 for males
3) 60+ for females, 65+ for males

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increasingly have to look to women, particularly, to staff the rapidly-expanding service sectors. This could mean that there will be unprecedented demands for female employees, inducements to married women with children to return earlier to the labour market, and greater prospects for career advancement among older women. These women will, in any case, have higher expectations than their mothers' generation. This has a number of implications, not least for child care.

Britain currently has, alongside Ireland and the Netherlands, the lowest level of publicly-funded child-care in Europe. Places in local authority day care are available to just 1 per cent of under-fives. And while 40 per cent of three and four year olds go to school, according to recent research, half of this is accounted for by four year olds being admitted early to primary school. They contrast the UK with Denmark, where publicly-funded day care is available for 44 per cent of under-three year olds, over 80 per cent of children aged three to seven, and for 20 per cent of seven to ten year olds outside school hours.

Will things change now? Where research, social pressure and campaigners have failed, economic determinants could prevail. Midland Bank is about to offer its staff nursery facilities. Lloyds too is said to be considering this.

But while child care emerges as one obvious policy consequence of employment projections, care at the opposite end of the spectrum poses challenges too. The older age groups will increase dramatically between now and the first quarter of the next century. There will be 1.6 million more people over 75. Needs among the elderly are substantial—among those aged over 85, one third cannot leave home alone; 7 per cent are bedfast, and 25 per cent need help to have a bath. Yet while the "demand" side of the care equation is rising, the "supply" side could be falling. New data in a recently published but curiously neglected General Household Survey study should that some 14 per cent of adults were carers in 1985, representing about six million people. Some of these are caring intensively: three per cent of all adults care for at least 20 hours a week.

Here is the crunch: the traditional female carers are among those who employers will need to cultivate in the future. From the perspective of a government anxious to constrain state welfare and promote "care in the community", it is a worrying scenario—far more needs to be met, relatively fewer (unpaid) female home carers and more of these likely to be in the (paid) labour market. But, as with child care, this could be the determinant for positive community care programmes.

Both pessimists and optimists can sketch out their own visions of the future. To date, rising female economic activity rates have given women new opportunities, but also far busier lives, more pressures, and more stresses. Will this be even more the case into the twenty-first century? Or will we, out of all this, think afresh about the relationship between family and work and the value and organisation of care in the community, both that of young and old alike? Perhaps the twenty-first century will witness a new dawn, if only one forced upon society by economic and demographic pressures.

Malcolm Wicks is Director of the Family Policy Studies Centre.

What's under Ridley's HAT?

Jane Dibblin looks at the reality of Housing Action Trusts

Take a walk around Hulme, a system-built, deck-access estate in Manchester, and you breathe in the smell of despair. Even occupied flats are boarded up: in a makeshift attempt at security tenants have stuck wood and corrugated iron over their windows. Here and there you must make a detour around lumps of fallen masonry—several people have been injured as Hulme crumbles away.

Hulme desperately needs money, resources and imaginative solutions. But despite a £50 million carrot it persuaded William Waldegrave, while he was housing minister, to take off his HAT. For the Department of the Environment intended to include Hulme among the six Housing Action Trust estates announced last month.

HATs will come into existence when the Housing Bill becomes law at the end of this year. The idea is that they take over run-down council estates, renovate them, and sell them on to other landlords. Unlike the government's other sell-off plans, tenants get no say in the process, and have no right to opt out.

Tenant reaction in HAT areas has been mixed. The day after they learned they were to be HAT-ed, 150 tenants from Ocean estate, Tower Hamlets, chewed over the implications: the discussion was translated between English and Bengali and at its core was a deep suspicion of the proposal. Will rents go up? How will allocations and transfers be decided? When Hulme tenants spoke about their success in refusing to wear a HAT they were greeted with awe.

But when the *Southwark Sparrow*, the council's newspaper, talked to tenants from the two designated estates in its area, Gloucester Grove and North Peckham, one interviewee, Frances Pope, a single parent from Gloucester Grove said she could "see them doing a better job" than the council. She wasn't worried about privatisation: "I can't see any landlord in his right mind wanting to buy this estate."

"For five to ten years, the state will be the landlord and there will be no one else to blame"

Local councils have not been model landlords and the government has been quick to exploit record levels of empty properties, arrears, disrepair and poor management. But in getting its own hands dirty, the government will be adopting a high risk strategy: for five to ten years, the state will be the landlord and there will be no one else to blame. Why then is the government prepared to plough £125 million into needy areas—overseeing direct injection of the "drug of dependency"?

But it seems that damage limitation has been built into this risk. All six designated estates have already had millions of pounds of public money invested in them, much of it through the government's own Estate Action programme. Indeed, it looks very much as if the government has been effectively pump-priming the chosen estates for some time.

In London, the Southwark estates have received £3 million of Estate Action money. Lambeth's Angell Town estate has been awarded £500,000 under Estate Action and has already had cash from the government's Urban Programme. All the estates in the north have had Estate Action money and some have also had help from the DoE-approved Priority Estates Project, bringing in intensive local management of estates.

At the press conference announcing the HAT "winners" Nicholas Ridley would not be drawn on the criteria used to choose estates. But those local authorities which have bid for money from Estate Action have always been perplexed by the level of bureaucracy associated with the scheme and by the amount of information required by the DoE before bids were approved. Information irrelevant to structural improvement schemes—on unemployment, rent arrears and the like—has been collected by the DoE and, it seems, used to make the decision on HATs.

Despite the fanfare around HATs emphasising that the country's "worst" estates would be tackled, that plainly isn't true—and may be one reason Waldegrave gave in to Hulme. Take the two estates picked in Sunderland. The Hylton Castle estate has just come to the end of a £6 million modernisation programme. It is made up of semi-detached houses, not high rise, many of which have been bought under the right to buy scheme. Even in their more difficult to let estates also in the HAT area the local council has, says its principal officer, George Carr, "done everything the government has asked." As well as winning £1 million of Estate Action money for improvements the council has, he says, "attracted private money and developers to the estates, brought in local housing associations and put in our own money".

One of the main fears of tenants is that the HATs are just a clever way to tart up their homes and displace exisiting occupants in favour of the higher paid. For once the trust has made improvements, the estates will be up for sale to outside landlords. If that goes ahead, market rents will come into force. Under the new housing bill, tenants would have to pay the higher rents or face eviction.

They would only become council tenants once again if the local authority could afford to buy back the estate. Valuation is likely to be an explosive issue: the London estates, while in need of repair, are all on valuable land and even before improvement they'll fetch a hefty sum. As Dora Boatemah, chair of Angell Town tenants' association, pointed out, the Lambeth estate is only 20 minutes from the City and once improved its market value will shoot up way beyond the reach of Lambeth Council's pocket. In Leeds, by contrast, the DoE has indicated that the HAT may have a "negative valua-

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tion", with the council having to pay the government for the privilege of handing over the estate.

The signs are that all those estates where tenants have by now received Ridley's *Reader's Digest*-style "dear occupier" letter will be fighting the HAT order when it goes through parliament. Not because they have any illusions about the efficiency of local authority landlords but because they want some control over how those problems are tackled—and they want security of tenure. "We've had enough of instant solutions", says Genni Flynn, one of those who persuaded Waldegrave that Hulme needed a more in-depth study, free of the constraints of a HAT. "We'd prefer to carry on living in this terrible mess rather than go through another short-term and short-sighted solution imposed by people who don't know the area".

Beneath the razzmatazz of HATs one fact is liable to be forgotten: there is only one total cash limit for capital spending on housing, so any money spent on HATs will ultimately come from that cash limit—the housing investment programme (HIP) allocations. And the long-term aim of this initiative and its many predecessors is the transfer of public housing to private ownership, using techniques of government grants and cosmetic improvements to stimulate private sector interest.

WELFARE WATCH

Rock rollers and the seasonal work rules

The rock season is here again. Wet or fine, holiday-makers and day-trippers will return home this month from every point on the British coastline bearing pink sticks of the hard stuff, impregnated with the name of their chosen resort.

But like other seaside industries, the small local rock factories have not been doing so well in recent years. One of the victims of the rock recession was a Blackpool rock roller who, for many years, had rolled rock all the year round in one of these factories.

Each winter from 1980 on, she was laid off for three or four months. At first she received unemployment benefit when not rock-rolling. In 1985 an adjudication officer decided that, as a seasonal worker, she was no longer entitled to benefit; but she appealed, and a social security commissioner, in a recently published decision (R(U)3/87), found in her favour.

The rule disqualifying seasonal workers from unemployment benefit during their off-season applies to anyone who has worked for at least three years in a seasonal occupation, whose off-season normally lasts more than seven weeks and who cannot reasonably expect to find other work during that time. Its justification is that someone who chooses to earn his or her living in an occupation which involves working only part of the year should not be able to live on unemployment benefit for the rest of the year.

Rock-rolling, however, is not an inherently seasonal occupation; in fact, half the Blackpool rock factories still work all the year round. The disqualification, therefore, ought never to have been imposed. But this is not an isolated case. Nor is it only rock rollers who are affected.

Similar cases have arisen in South Wales, where Rhondda MP Allan Rogers last year successfully represented one of his constituents in an appeal to a social security tribunal. The employer in that case was producing Christmas decorations and, for some years past, like the Blackpool rock factory, had been forced to close for part of the year. The claimant was willing and able to take other work and the tribunal decided that she was entitled to benefit.

The social security advisory committee, in a recent report on the subject (Cm 374, HMSO, £3.80), acknowledged that there was a case for abolishing the special rules for seasonal workers, provided that machinery could be devised for testing their availability for work in the off-season. They recommended a review of "the role of unemployment benefit in relation to the whole range of intermittent working patterns", including temporary and part-time work.

Instead of inviting the committee to undertake this important and necessary task, the government sat on the report for six months and then announced that the committee's views would be "taken into account as part of the continuing process of reviewing the role of social security benefits paid to unemployed people"—a process which has so far produced only a succession of cuts. So we can assume that the seasonal workers' rules will stay, which makes it all the more important that they should be applied only where the employment is genuinely seasonal.

Tony Lynes

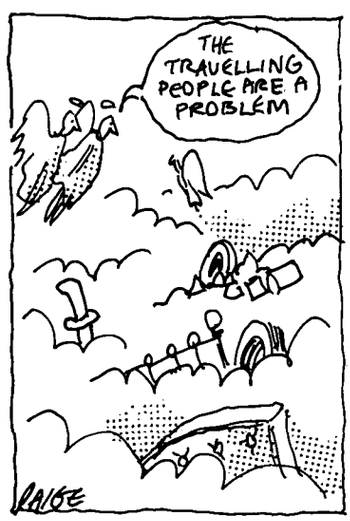
God's Gipsies

Religious revivalism is sweeping through the Travelling communities, reports Paul Sullivan

As some 250 gipsy caravans departed the tiny Kent village of Egerton last week, the community, a mix of genuine local and City commuter, unlocked its daughters and BMWs and heaved a collective sigh of relief.

The gipsies—estimates vary between 1000 and 1500—had been attending the Annual Convention of the Gipsy and Travellers Evangelical Movement, already big in Europe, Canada and America and now, claims gipsy pastor Tom Wilson, taking root in Britain.

"Ten years ago you wouldn't be safe preaching the gospel to gipsy men. Now, in the last eight years, the time is right. Now, throughout the world, gipsies are coming to God because they have been touched by the Holy Spirit."



The movement was first started in 1952 by a French evangelist and non-gipsy called Clement Le Cossex. His son brought the Gospel to this country 8 years ago. "Since then," says Wilson," the movement has grown so fast it's hard to keep contact with it."

The first British convert, and the founder of the UK movement, is Davy Jones. In France, he says, almost 250,000 have been saved out of a gipsy population of about 400,000. In Britain, out of an estimated 20,000 gipsies, about 4,000 have joined up.

"In every country in the world we have found that gipsies are already coming to the Gospel. In India, in Pakistan, in Spain, all over." The Movement has even spread to Eastern Bloc countries like Albania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and the Soviet Union, says Davy.

"Those authorities don't really see gipsies as any sort of threat. There is some persecution because in a communist country, the gipsy is a capitalist. They force him to settle and live in a house but they can never stop him setting up his own business culture, that is simply the gipsy way."

That gipsies are naturally business-minded is perhaps borne out by the massed ranks of F-registered vans and cars parked besides the glittering trailers at Egerton. It's harder to believe some of the granite-faced men are the sort to attend bible meetings. Davy Jones laughs.

"Gipsies are the toughest people in the world: they've had to be. A gipsy can go anywhere and earn his living. Sometimes they've had to step around the law, but they renounce all that when they come to God. Before they're converted, gipsies hold great esteem by possession and wealth. But they look at the people who are following God and they see we're still prospering without doing things the old way, and they have to ask 'How are they doing it?' And then they say 'only God could do that.'"

Jones is more than ready for the scepticism of the gorgis, the Romany word for outsiders. "For centuries the gipsies have been the masters of deception, they know all there is to know about trickery, and they know they're not being tricked now. The gorgi man on the street, he's not ready and so he won't listen, but the gipsy knows it's time." And last month's legal ruling that gipsies are a genuine ethnic group, over a complaint about a "no travellers" sign in a London pub, has added fuel to their conviction. "It means they can't stop us having meetings just because we're travellers."

Jones and the other gipsy pastors operate from inside a big top, their "portable cathedral", teaching and baptising their fellow gipsies. They're urged to renounce their old ways, to give up drink and cigarettes and to come to the Lord. One young gipsy boy confesses to being "controlled by drugs". The hallelujahs ring out and the tears flow.

Back in the village pub, the landlord grudgingly admits he'd been expecting a lot worse, and the same goes for the local police in nearby Ashford. "It's been very quiet really," said a spokesman.

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INITIATIVES

Humanising health

Shelley Jofre reports on a scheme to help non-English speaking women during their ante-natal care

Cliff Harper

Imagine the embarrassment of a fourteen-year-old boy having to explain family planning advice to his mother. Situations like this are a reality for many non-English speaking women unable to overcome the language barrier between them and their doctors.

Sometimes the communication breakdown can have serious consequences: like when the doctor, giving a German Measles injection to one patient explained that she must not get pregnant for three months—the patient misunderstood and thought she now *wouldn't* get pregnant for three months.

The Multi Ethnic Women's Health Project established seven years ago at Homerton Hospital in Hackney, east London, deals specifically with the problems encountered by non-English speaking women in ante-natal care. It employs health workers who are bi-lingual in Turkish, Bengali, Punjabi and Gujurati. Since changing earlier this year from project funding onto mainline District Health Authority funding of £80,000 a year, the project workers have been able to offer their services to every woman coming through the obstetric unit at Homerton.

But the health workers aren't merely interpreters. They're there to ensure that women understand the advice offered by the professionals and to make sure the professionals are aware of the problems and anxieties of their patients.

"The best way to help patients is to use people from the same community who have the same social characteristics"

They are not there to give professional advice and they don't have any professional training. What they do have though, claims Fedelma Winkler, one of the members of the project steering group, is "experience and knowledge". They are from the same class and background as the patients and some have had children themselves. As Fedelma argues, "they have used the system themselves and can therefore identify with the problems encountered by the patients."

The scheme was set up to "humanise" the health service, she says. It's based on the ideology found behind many other successful community health projects, particularly in Latin America, that the best way to help patients is to use people from the same community who have the same social characteristics. This stops the health workers taking the route taken by many interpreters, of siding with the professionals with whom they often have more in common. "All the health workers need," says Fedelma, "is the ability to be a good advocate and to remain on the side of the patient."

As a unique venture in the obstetrics ward, the project has been enormously successful. Not only are non-English speaking women now able to communicate properly with their doctors, but it has allowed for changes in some of the less desirable medical practices. For example, women are no longer given an epidural as a matter of course since the project started, now that doctors can communicate with the patients.

Fedelma Winkler sees the real value of this project in "shifting the balance of power inside the institution to give the users of the service more control over their own bodies." This is, she thinks, one of the useful side-effects of the new consumerism; though she thinks it should be extended to *all* women, not just ones from ethnic minorities. And she hopes the positive reaction shown towards the project will mean that other schemes of this type will be set up around the country, and in areas of medicine besides ante-natal care.

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TAILGUNNER PARKINSON

"I remember when I was first taken round a prison some 35 years ago I had an uneasy feeling that somewhere in the building there would be a dungeon full of all the ancient implements of torture. When this transpired not to be the case, I felt such a sense of relief that it led me to think that perhaps prison wasn't all that bad.

Of course this was a nonsense. Modern prisons are essentially warehouses that store away troublesome human beings. They are parodies of monastic orders supervised by purposeless priests. And if at one time offenders were taken from brutal homes to be punished in brutal institutions, now they are removed from indifferent homes to be "treated" in indifferent institutions.

And that is why I am so surprised at the way the worn-out hacks of penal reform have recently been indirectly defending these indefensible institutions. Of course they will deny this; they will say they've always argued for alternatives to the nick. But when realistic alternatives have come forward, like the close monitoring of offenders in open society and experiments with private prisons, most of these pretend-progressives have yelled their little platitudinous heads off in indignation.

Of course, any new schemes will have snags. There was tremendous resistance to suspended sentencing and the argument was put forward then that it would probably only prove an alternative to other available non-custodial sentences. Well so it occasionally is, but I know this: that I've saved endless numbers of my clients from incarceration by this particular penalty.

Certainly I'm sure there's a lot to be said for ending the present state monopoly on prisons. At least let's see what the private sector can offer by one or two experiments.

Last week an astute old lag called to see me. He told me that the real problem about illegal drink and drugs in prison did not come so much from visiting friends and families of prisoners. The real culprits, certainly in long-term units, were the prison officers. £10 can get a bottle of whisky, and the price of drugs is decided by current market prices.

"The screws live in their own paranoid world," he said, "and quite a lot of them are up to little fiddles. If we had a few private prisons, the present prison system would have to look to its laurels."

Before we can get penal reform, perhaps we've got to reform our penal reformers."

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DATABASE

Universities

It's easier than ever before to get into university. The number of candidates accepted through UCCA (the Universities Central Council on Admissions) increased by 13.5 per cent from 1983 to 1987, while the total number of applicants increased by only 2.0 per cent. The reason is the steady decline in the number of young people of university age; a decrease of 8.7 per cent in 18 and 19 year olds from 1984 to 1988. There are regional variations: in 1986-7 there was a 0.5 per cent drop in the number of applicants from England and Wales, but a 2 per cent increase in those from Scotland and Northern Ireland.

Women still only account for 43.3 per cent of those accepted to study at university in 1987, but their numbers are steadily increasing. Since 1983 there has been a 17.9 per cent rise in women accepted to university, while male acceptances have increased by only 10.1 per cent. Men are still obtaining higher entrance qualifications than women. Of those candidates accepted in 1987, 35.4 per cent of men obtained between 13 and 15 UCCA points compared with only 28.5 per cent of women.

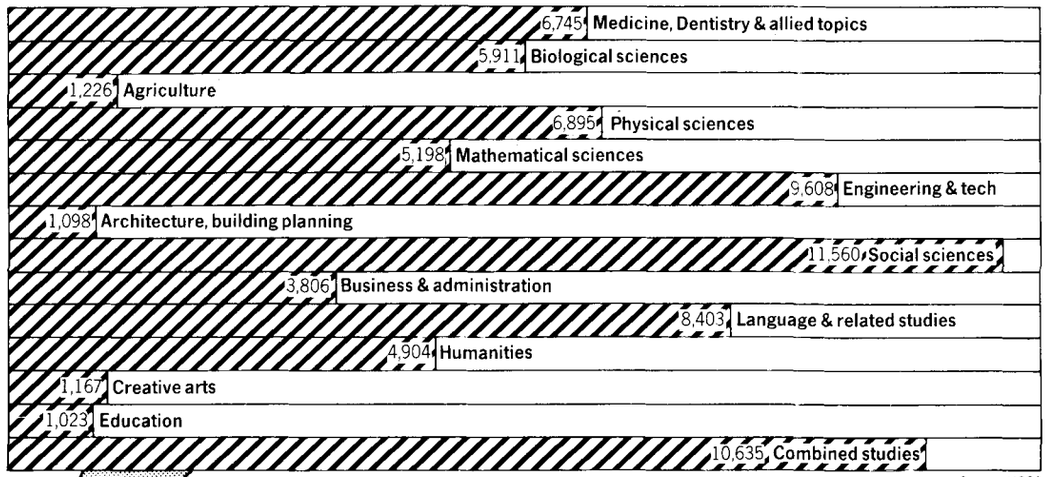
The proportion of overseas students has fluctuated sharply. In 1980 the government ruled that they would have to pay the full costs of their tuition, which roughly halved the number of overseas candidates between 1979 and 1982. Since then their numbers have recovered to 8,003 in 1987, probably about 75 per cent of their 1979 levels. (It is hard to be precise, because the definition of "overseas candidates" was changed in 1981 to include those who lived abroad but were liable for home student fees.) The proportion of overseas women candidates almost doubled from 1983-87 to 39 per cent, compared with a 31 per cent increase in the number of men.

Business and administration courses continue to increase in popularity—there are 17 per cent more students doing them than in 1985. In particular, from 1985-7 there were increases in applications for accountancy, business and management and financial management courses. There has been a fall in the number of applicants for medicine, foreign languages, English and mathematical sciences. It is virtually impossible to calculate trends of more than three-year periods for acceptances in specific subjects since UCCA keeps changing course classifications. The system was changed in 1985 and will changed again next year.

Shelley Jofre

Who studies what?

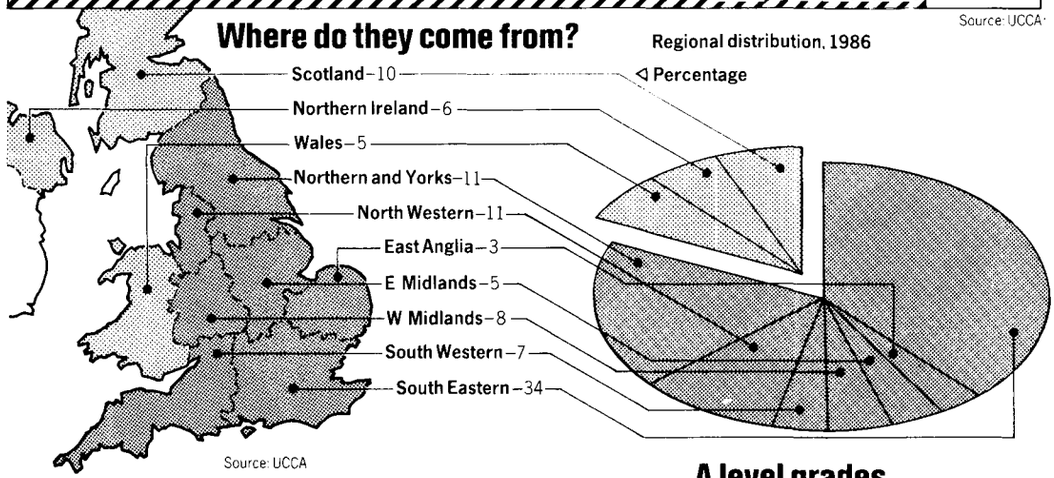
University subjects studied, 1987



Source: UCCA

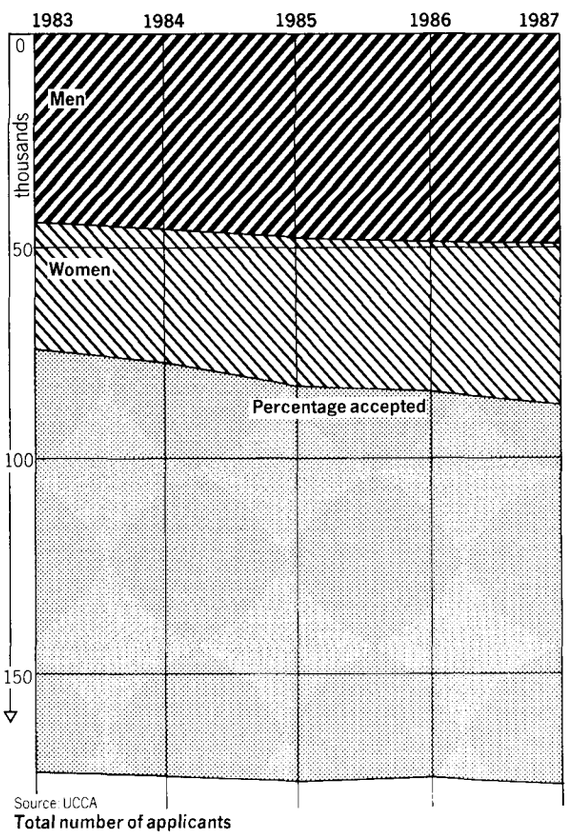
Where do they come from?

Regional distribution, 1986



Source: UCCA

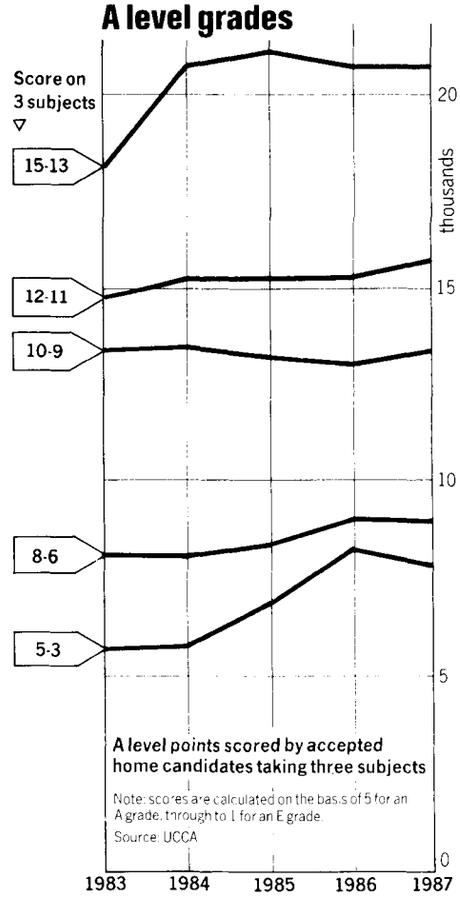
University candidates



Source: UCCA

Total number of applicants

A level grades



A level points scored by accepted home candidates taking three subjects

Note: scores are calculated on the basis of 5 for an A grade, through to 1 for an E grade.

Source: UCCA

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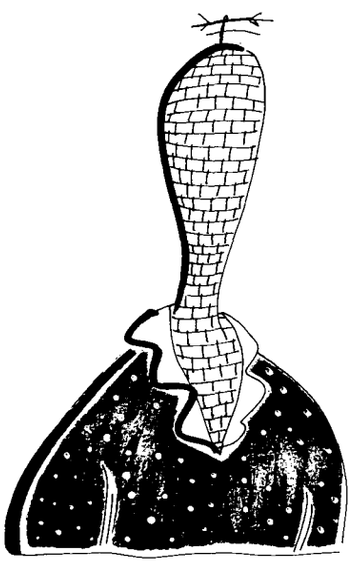
ESSAY

Consuming fashions



Consumption is mostly thought of as a leisure activity. But in order to fully understand changing consumer patterns we need to see them in relation to the broader restructuring of work in the 1980s, argues Ursula Huws, a writer and researcher with the European economic and social research consultancy, Empirica.

"Would you rather be a wet nurse or work in a powdered milk factory? That is the choice, isn't it?" We'd been discussing the changing relationship between manufacturing and service industries, and this was the blunt conclusion of one member of the group, a former Leeds factory worker turned school-dinner lady now facing her second redundancy. A question she didn't ask was: which would you rather have for your baby?

Preposterously hypothetical though this dilemma may seem in the late 1980s, it encapsulates many of the problems which have to be faced when thinking about what sort of economy we want in Britain in the

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1990s. Central to such thinking must be an understanding not just of the relationship between manufacturing and services but also of both to consumption. Socialists have been hampered in developing such an analysis by the lack of an adequate definition of consumption.

Conventional wisdom has it that consumption is one of four unchanging categories into which economic activity is divided. Thus there is one sector which covers things like mining, fishing and agriculture—the direct extraction of products from the earth; then there are the manufacturing and service sectors; and finally we have "consumption". Looked at like this these four categories seem quite distinct and separate from each other—a logical framework for analysing the flow of money and of goods and services and classifying the various industries. But problems arise as soon as you start looking in detail at what people are actually doing when they are supposedly engaged in "extraction" or "production" or "servicing" or "consumption".

At the simplest level, most people would say that the first three involve things like digging the ground, operating machinery, serving customers and so on—in other words, they involve work, while the last, consumption, involves "consuming". We are presented with an image of people loafing about, stuffing themselves with food or drink, perhaps playing with the controls of a video or hi-fi.

The reality is somewhat different. Most of the time people spend when they are not working or sleeping is made up of other activities. Activities like cleaning, wheeling trolleys around supermarkets, operating machines like electric drills or vacuum cleaners or washing machines, decorating, caring for children or elderly or disabled people, assembling furniture or preparing food. In other words, activities which, if they happened to be carried out under one of the other headings, would be regarded as work. I do not want to go into the unequal distribution of these activities between men and women here. Suffice it to say that a more useful way of conceptualising consumption is to see it, not as the passive activity of consuming, but as the active one of work. Consumption is, in large measure, unpaid labour.

Such a view of consumption allows us to look at the relationship between the current changes in consumption patterns and the restructuring of paid employment. It is my contention that these are intimately connected, and that it is necessary to understand the relationship between paid and unpaid labour before it is possible to devise a strategy for improving the quality of life for the majority of the population.

Two recent trends are of particular relevance here. Neither is particularly new, but both have been greatly accelerated in recent years, in part because of the ways in which new technologies have been applied. The first is the commodification of labour. The second is the externalisation of labour. Both are having profound effects on the quantity and quality of unpaid labour but need to be understood in the context of what is happening in paid employment.

Commodification is a word which is used to describe the process by which goods replace services. No service is immune from this process. It could, for instance, describe the replacement of mental health workers by the use of psychotropic drugs, or the use of washing machines to substitute for laundry services. Or the substitution of privately-owned television, radios and record players for the activities of going out to the cinema, music hall, football match or political meeting.

To many, this development is unproblematically a good thing. Their ideal future is one in which everybody owns their own private car, home, washing machine, microwave, home computer, freezer and so on. This is seen as equalising the distribution of wealth and alleviating domestic drudgery. But it does also bring serious problems.

Firstly, it increases the financial investment which an individual is required to make in his or her own means of subsistence. Instead of simply paying for the use of a service, it is now necessary to pay the capital costs of providing it. Except for the very rich, the normal means of doing this is by borrowing, giving to the finance industries a sort of tax on the value of all these goods—in some cases, 50 per cent of the value of an item can be paid in interest. Because of planned obsolescence, the longed-for moment when everything is paid off rarely arrives. No sooner has one car or video recorder been paid for than it is time to trade it in for a newer model.

"As goods replace services, consumption becomes a form of unpaid labour—each new wave of domestic labour-saving devices creates more work"

As a higher and higher proportion of the population become owners of these things, then the public provision of the service which they replace atrophies or becomes prohibitively expensive because the economies of scale have been lost. The public telephone box and the launderette become vandalised and neglected, the public transport service is cut back, going to the cinema costs a small fortune, the corner shop no longer stocks fresh food because it is assumed that everyone has a freezer. So the relative deprivation of *not* owning these things becomes greater. The gap between the haves and have-nots is intensified.

Who are the have-nots? In general, precisely those people who are most in need of public services—the elderly, people with disabilities, single parents. The mathematics are really quite simple. The statistics suggest that the "family wage" has more or less disappeared and that for a typical British household to achieve the standard of living necessary to own a home, a car and all the other consumer durables we are discussing, it is necessary for there to be two adult wages coming in, at least one of them full-time. Let us imagine a household in which the man works a 40-hour week and earns the average male wage, while his wife works 20 hours a week and earns an hourly wage which is two-thirds that of the average male rate. We can then say that it is necessary to have a total income of one and one-third of the average male wage to equip a household with the prerequisites for a decent life. Anyone below this level is likely to become a have-not. A woman on her own, even working full-time, would earn only half of this amount, at two thirds of the average male wage, a pensioner or claimant, even less.

Paradoxically, the existence of all these supposedly life-enhancing goods has created a situation where a young person wanting to leave home or a woman trying to leave a violent husband face a much steeper drop in their standard of living than in the days when most of the working class lived in rented accommodation, travelled on public transport and had most of their needs met through the paid labour of service workers.

A second effect of the commodification of services is the atomisation of community life and with it a loss of class identification and political consciousness. Whether it is waiting in bus queues, paying the rent, doing the washing in the public laundry, going to the cinema, the football match or the chip shop, many aspects of life in a service economy are experienced collectively and in public. People see their common interests and it seems natural to organise and attend meetings. Life based on the private ownership of commodities is individualised and isolated. Commodities can be stolen, so people become mistrustful of their neighbours and lock their doors. It becomes necessary to protect the value of their property so they become fussier about who they invite into their homes (you don't want the new carpet to be wrecked by your teenage children's friends). They receive their view of the world and their entertainment from television in the isolation of the home, not in a collective context which encourages discussion and the comparison of the media's version of the truth against reality. The effect is depoliticising, favouring passivity and reinforcing the status quo while discouraging an active, creative response to what is happening in the world.

A third effect of the commodification of services is to create more unpaid work. At first sight, this seems impossible. How can a labour-saving appliance create more labour? The answer is that very often the labour which is "saved" is paid, while what is created is unpaid. It is often assumed that the only people who were serviced in the past were those who were rich enough to have domestic servants. This is not true. From the industrial revolution onwards, a whole range of services were developed—especially in the larger towns and cities—to meet the needs of working people. There were sellers of cooked food who brought their wares to the streets where people lived, there were ladies who took in washing, minded babies or attended births and a huge range of specialist services like chimney-sweeping, chair-caning, knife-grinding and so on.

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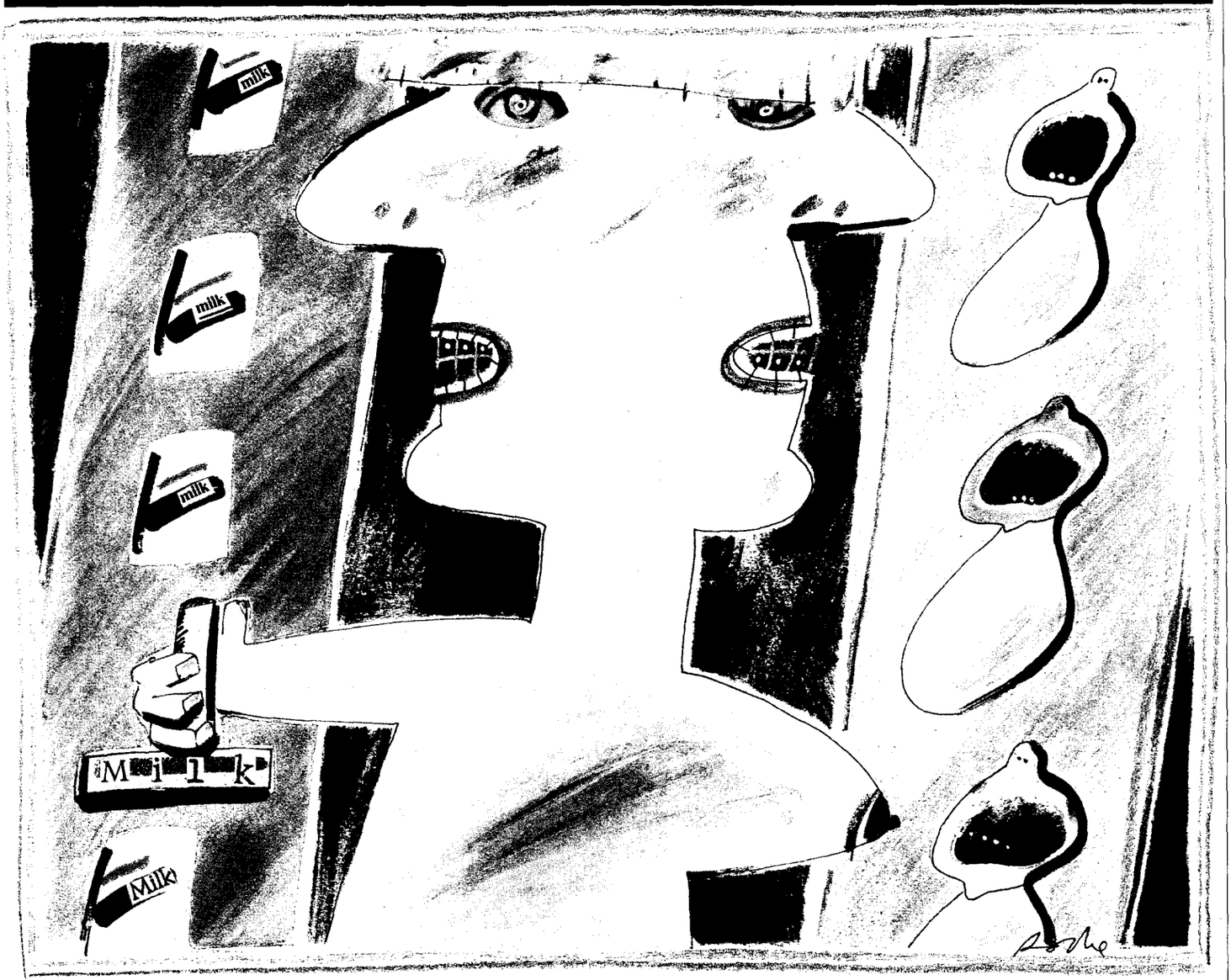

Christine Roche

It was this tradition that early socialists were developing and extending when they set up municipal baths and laundries, nurseries, mother and baby clinics and, later, services like mobile libraries and meals-on-wheels. These were services based on people's real needs, not on finding a profitable market for some commodity, although many are not incompatible with making a profit.

The point is that in general the activities involved in providing these services were paid labour. Once the service has been commodified, the user is expected to be self-servicing, without payment. Using a washing machine may involve much less work than traditional washing methods, but it nevertheless takes up more time and energy than sending your dirty clothes to the laundry. Surveys have consistently shown that during the course of this century, during the period when labour-saving appliances have proliferated, the time spent on housework by people without servants has steadily gone up.

One way to find out which is really the most convenient—a service or the use of a commodity—is to look at what people choose when money is no object. What do the very rich do? The answer is, they use services. You don't catch them up ladders using the latest Black and Decker drill with sander attachment or using the special Hoover attachment for sucking up the dust from behind the radiator. They prefer restaurants to heating up a frozen meal in the microwave and laundries to doing their own ironing, however sophisticated the steam-jets. When they feel depressed, they would rather go to a psychotherapist than swallow a valium and who would stay at home and watch the telly when they could go out to a West End show while nanny looks after the children?

This isn't to say that labour-saving appliances have no value. Nobody in their right mind would want to go back to the back-breaking labour our grandmothers had to do—whether in their own homes or other people's. But we shouldn't uncritically accept them as a substitute for services. Before allowing a service to go under, we should make sure both that the commodities are genuinely available to everybody and that they meet people's real needs. Do elderly people really want more sophisticated alarm systems, or would they rather have more contact with human beings? Do pregnant women want more foetal monitors, or would they rather have more or better trained midwives? Are microwave ovens an acceptable substitute for meals-on-wheels? Mightn't it be better to provide new mothers with education and advice on breast-feeding rather than supplies of dried milk? And perhaps our children could do with more teachers as well as more computers.

There has been a lot of discussion in recent years about the growth of the service sector at the expense of manufacturing. Some of this apparent growth is actually a myth created by the peculiar way in which the statistics are collected. Workers are assigned to a particular industry not on the basis of what sort of job they do but on who their employer is. So that if you are employed by ICI or Fords as a cleaner or a lorry driver or a computer programmer you are classified as a manufacturing worker. However, if the company decides to subcontract its cleaning or data processing you suddenly become redefined as a service worker, even though you are still doing exactly the same work for the same ultimate employer.

The recent tremendous growth in subcontracting, or the "unbundling" of large organisa-

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tions, as the Americans like to call it, has created the illusion of a switch in employment which does not reflect the reality. In service industries like retailing, the growth in numbers of workers reflects a massive substitution of part-time for full-time work, rather than any real increase in the total amount of work done. The service industries which have been genuinely expanding are the finance industries, leeching off the sell-off of public assets, and the need to purchase and the growing insecurity of working people. Conventional wisdom on the left says that what is needed is to build up the manufacturing sector and reverse the trend towards services. I would submit that we also need more services, but new types of service industries, which genuinely meet social needs.

A second trend which is changing the process of consumption is the externalisation of labour. By this I mean the process by which employers increase the productivity of their own employees by transferring labour to their customers. An obvious example of this is the supermarket where, in the words of the 1960s Lord Buckley song, "every time you push that trolley up and down, you're working for *them*". The traditional grocer's shop had a row of assistants behind the counters waiting to serve the customers. They got things down from the shelves, weighed them and worked out the cost. There were also delivery boys who brought the goods to your home on a bicycle. People shopped often for perishable goods, with the shop paying for the cost of storage and carrying the risk of things going bad. Now, the customer does nearly all these tasks, including paying for the cost of transport to the home and storage. As stores get larger and larger, they are sited further from people's homes, and these costs rise.

On a superficial level, the large out-of-town supermarket seems to offer everything a consumer wants: vast choice and relatively good value, because the employer has been able to translate the productivity savings into lower costs. But what if you can't afford a car or a freezer? What if you live in an area too sparsely populated to make it worthwhile for Safeways to open a branch? What if you can't see to read the labels? Or have a disability which makes mobility difficult? And meanwhile, what has happened to the shop workers? Many jobs have disappeared altogether, and those who remain have found their work becoming de-skilled and much more stressful. Computerised information systems ensure that they are closely monitored and can be redeployed flexibly to ensure that they are always working at maximum intensity. I heard the other day of a large supermarket where there are 350 workers working no less than 183 different shift patterns. What chance of organising a well-attended union meeting under those conditions?

Shops are not, of course, the only example of labour being externalised. During the 1960s, studies of productivity in banks indicated that a lot of staff time could be saved by persuading customers to fill in their own deposit slips. Today, this process has gone much further with the help of information technology. We now do a substantial amount of what used to be a teller's paid job when we take out cash or check how much is in an account. The same goes for buying things like petrol or tickets. It does not stop with service industries either. Most cheap furniture and many household products are now made for self-assembly. In each case, the transfer of work to the consumer is part and parcel of a process which involves the taylorisation of the work of the paid employee.

This process is often described as producing efficiency. But we need to ask efficient for whom? The answer is, generally, efficient for management in those industries. For the consumer, the benefit is often only the immediate one of lower apparent cost. I say apparent because, very often, the hidden costs are substantial. For workers, too, the costs, such as increased stress, loss of skills and loss of control over the work process, may be substantially greater than the benefits.

There is a great deal of talk at the moment about the need for efficiency in services and the need for public services to learn from the private sector in this regard. It seems to me that this is the wrong way to approach the problem of developing services to meet the real needs of users. In fact, it could be argued that one of the great mistakes of the 1960s and 1970s was the wholesale adoption of private sector notions of management efficiency into public services in this country. Here were hierarchical organisational structures uncritically adopting the standards of industries set up with the simple purpose of maximising profit. The men with the stop-watches were sent in, and tasks were analysed and subdivided so that they could be speeded up and monitored. Payment by results systems were brought in so that workers were encouraged to sacrifice all other things to productivity. Deskilling and stress brought surlier attitudes, workers were increasingly unable to step outside their rigid job descriptions to offer individual help—and standards began to deteriorate. Refuse collectors no longer had the flexibility to carry an old lady's dustbin back into the house; one-man bus crews could not help a mother with her shopping and buggy; hospital cleaners were under too much pressure to stop and chat to a lonely patient. Ironically, it is this very standardisation of tasks which has made it so easy to privatise many public services.

> *Most cheap furniture and many household products are now made for self-assembly—they transfer work to the consumer*

In many services, there is a common interest between workers and users. Service workers are usually highly motivated to care and, as you will find if you talk to them, full of creative ideas about how the service can be improved. This goodwill can be unleashed, not by making them work even harder, in even more routine and unsatisfying jobs, but by giving them more say in how their work is done and more responsibility. Service workers are also, when they are not at work, service users. Given the facilities, most would be only too happy to talk to other service users to work out ways of improving the standard of existing services and developing new ones. Such a process would make it possible to develop criteria for efficiency in the public services from the point of view of consumers rather than merely for the purpose of maximising profit.

It seems to me that if we want to develop an alternative strategy for consumption—for meeting social need and reducing the burden of unpaid labour—then we need to think in terms of developing new services and improving existing ones. In some cases, this simply involves a reaffirmation of traditional demands for socialising domestic labour—more and better public nurseries, old people's homes, hospitals, day-centres for people with disabilities and so on. In others it involves creating new ones—for instance, delivery services from out-of-town shopping centres for elderly people, cheap phone-a-meal and dial-a-ride services, cleaning services, information centres where people without their own computers can gain access to electronic culture, babysitting services for single parents. The most appropriate organisational form for these services will vary enormously. For instance, local authorities could require supermarkets to set up delivery services as a condition of gaining planning permission, whereas others could be provided as an extension of existing public services, through grant-aided voluntary groups or, on a commercial basis, by co-operatives or other small businesses. What is important is that they should be set up in such a way that their workers can respond sensitively to the needs of their users.

This implies a two-pronged approach to public services. On the one hand, it means giving service workers decent enough terms and conditions of employment to allow them to develop their skills, take a pride in their work and give scope for creativity in improving the quality of the services they provide. On the other, it means genuinely empowering consumers, not simply by giving the richer ones the negative power of individually choosing to shop elsewhere, but by giving all service users collectively the means of expressing their needs. Neither will be easy because both involve something which, although it lies at the heart of socialism, is becoming increasingly unfashionable in policy-making circles—trusting ordinary people to act intelligently, caringly and creatively in their collective self-interest.

This is an edited version of a presentation by Ursula Huws to the Fabian Society conference on "Democratic Socialist Aims and Values" earlier this summer.

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Mary Evans Picture Library

Return to a world we have lost

WHOSE JUSTICE? WHICH RATIONALITY?
Alasdair MacIntyre
Duckworth £12.95 paperback/£35 hardback

Steven Lukes

Eight years ago, Alasdair MacIntyre published his much-acclaimed book, *After Virtue*, which proclaimed, not without satisfaction, that "we still, in spite of the efforts of three centuries of moral philosophy and one of sociology, lack any coherent rationally defensible statement of a liberal individualist point of view." It also offered a promise: that "the Aristotelian position can be restated in a way that restores rationality and intelligibility to our own moral and social attitudes and commitments." To redeem that promise, MacIntyre made another: to write a book that would offer an account of what it is to be rational that would both support his restatement of Aristotelianism and justify that support. This is that book.

The trouble with the argument of *After Virtue* was that it was caught in a dilemma. On the one hand, MacIntyre the sociologist of morals offered a compelling account of the fragmented moral world of modernity, riven by unsettlable moral conflicts, speaking an impoverished moral vocabulary, inhabited by rootless and homeless individuals, capable of distancing themselves from their various roles and of making moral choices and decisions on the basis of their "preferences" and "values". On the other hand, MacIntyre the moral philosopher purported to recommend a return to a world we have lost, located in an idealised Greek past, in which there was moral unity, a rich and thick vocabulary of role-centred virtues, where the individual was fully constituted by his place in the social order, where the agonies of moral choice and decision, and indeed moral uncertainty, were unknown because practical rationality came naturally to everyone aware of the requirements of his station and its duties.

But if the sociologist was right, the philosopher could make no such case: "we" cannot become, in the relevant respects, "premodern". As Bernard Williams has put it, there is no route back from reflection.

Does *Whose Justice? Which Rationality?* show the way out, or back? Far from it. Indeed, it only sharpens the dilemma by offering an account of rationality, as tradition-bound, which itself only serves to reinforce the inaccessibility to post- Enlightenment thought of the very case MacIntyre seeks to make. The thinkers of the Enlightenment and their successors, he writes, "proved unable to agree as to what precisely those principles were which would be found undeniable by all rational persons." Consequently, "the legacy of the Enlightenment has been the provision of an ideal of rational justification which it has proved impossible to attain."

MacIntyre's solution to this typically modern problem is to extol the virtues of pre-modern societies in which "there was and is a common stock of beliefs whose expression in language was and is treated as the utterance of evident truth", of the polis as the "locus of rationality" because it embodied the idea of the "good" and the "best" and enabled systematic forms of activity to be "unambiguously ordered" and individuals to "occupy and move between well-defined roles". In such a world, as Aristotle showed, "the apparent and tragic conflict of right with right arises from the inadequacies of reason, not from the character of moral reality."

The case is made no more persuasive by the fact that MacIntyre loads the dice throughout. He is consistently charitable towards Plato, Aristotle, Augustine, Aquinas and Hutcheson, but unrelentingly hostile, above all, to Hume, and to modern liberalism generally. Thus Aristotle's justification of slavery and his exclusion of women from citizenship are (plausibly) claimed to be excisable from his thought while leaving his central argument intact; yet Hume is described as "articulating the principles of the dominant English social and cultural order, an order itself deeply inhospitable to philosophy." Of modern liberalism he has much of interest and depth to say, not least about its conception of "the individual", but it is uniformly negative, or at least intended to be so.

Liberalism, too, is a tradition; though, unlike the congregations of evangelical fundamentalists, it does not recognise that it too is a "community of pre-rational faith", whose "parish magazine" is the *New York Times*. This is read by the "affluent and self-congratulatory liberal enlightenment", whose clergy are the lawyers,

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and is insensitive to the cultural depth of traditions. Hence "the confident teaching of texts from past and alien cultures in translation not only to students who do not know the original languages but by teachers who do not know them either; the conducting of negotiations, commercial, political and military, by those who suppose that not knowing each other's languages cannot debar them from understanding each other adequately; and the willingness to allow internationalised versions of such languages as English, Spanish and Chinese to displace both the languages of minority cultures and those variants of themselves which are local, dialectical languages in use."

Most seriously, MacIntyre's very account of rationality, which after all is the book's central theme, is (and makes a virtue of being) question-begging. The book consists of an "outline narrative history of three traditions of inquiry into what practical rationality is and what justice is, and in addition an acknowledgement of a need for the writing of a fourth history, that of liberalism." Liberalism, in his account, turns out to be just another tradition which "does not provide a neutral independent ground from which a verdict may be passed upon the rival claims of conflicting traditions". But, as he acknowledges, if this is so, it does not follow that there is no such neutral ground. Nor indeed does it follow that, in political and moral argument, we should not aim for such neutrality and for such perspective-independent bases for agreement as can be found, across cultures and traditions.

MacIntyre boldly asserts that there is a "deep incompatibility" between "the standpoint of any rational tradition of inquiry", such as he defends, and the dominant modes of contemporary discussion, academic and non-academic, committed to "the fiction of shared, even if unformulable, universal standards of rationality". His case, in a nutshell, is that "progress in rationality is achieved only from a point of view".

Moreover, "one's rationality should not be merely supported by but partly constituted by one's membership in and integration into a social institution of some one particular type." So to be rational is to see the moral world from the right institutional standpoint, and to "engage in the formulation, elaboration, rational justification and criticism of accounts of practical rationality and justice...from within some one particular tradition in conversation, cooperation and conflict with those who inhabit the same tradition."

If any of MacIntyre's readers are persuaded by his arguments, this will, by his own account, be because they are co-inhabitants of his Aristotelian-Augustinian-Thomistic tradition. (They may be old-timers or, like MacIntyre himself, relatively recent immigrants from other quite different traditions.) They will be convinced because, sharing the same history and speaking the same language, they "have every reason at least so far to hold that the rationality of their tradition has been confirmed in its encounters with other traditions". The rest of us, *New York Times* or *New Statesman and Society* in hand, may well feel rather left out in the cold.

Cliff Harper

Breaking points

ELEPHANT AND OTHER STORIES
Raymond Carver
Collins Harvill £9.95

Anne Boston

It was a shock to hear of this fine writer's death, before he reached 50 and a week before this collection was published. Raymond Carver has described in *Fires* (1985) his hard apprenticeship as a writer, when lack of thinking time constricted him to short stories and poems, which could be drafted at a sitting, at the expense of full-length fiction. Later his circumstances changed, but through choice and possibly, he speculated, through habit he continued to write in the medium which made his reputation. And within the strong tradition of American short-story writing his are among the most accomplished, as this final brief collection bears out.

Carver was a minimalist, with the ability not only to observe the exceptional moments in ordinary lives but also to inhabit his characters, so that they are present in every inflexion of speech. The tension in his earlier writing is often maintained through a powerful sense of menace, of threatened if not actual violence. The seven stories in *Elephant* have lost this aggression, though their characters are still carried helplessly beyond the bounds of safety, to a danger point they never intended to reach. "I don't know how I got here," muses the narrator in "Whoever Was Using This Bed" after an idle middle-of-the-night chat with his sleepless wife leads "into considerations of death and annihilation". The threat is not from an outside intruder but from illness, insanity or the collapse of a marriage—from breaking points within.

Like Philip Larkin, Carver writes best about failure, through narrators forced to come to terms with things not working out; like Larkin, again, the relentless gloom is held back by humour, sometimes consciously verging on self-parody. In the title story, a man becomes encumbered with his family's debts and they accumulate into an almost-farcical recital of their blackmailing excuses and his own poverty. He dreams of himself, first as a child riding on his father's shoulders, safe in the knowledge that his father won't let him fall; then in a violent scene with his family, after he has committed the reformed alcoholic's cardinal crime of accepting a drink. Waking up, he sees himself as he is—the family's beast of burden, unable to escape and suddenly thankful to be redeemed with the strength to carry them.

Shift work, cigarettes and alcohol (or avoidance of it) pervade the pages. Hindsight brings the stories' autobiographical content to the surface; the recognition makes "Intimacy" particularly disturbing. Perfect pitch makes Carver's dialogue savagely authentic; here it's accompanied by the uncomfortable suspicion that it was lifted from a real incident. A woman recklessly pours out her grievances against her ex-husband when he visits her years later, now an established writer (and also the narrator). She accuses him of remembering only the "low, shameful things"; then she speculates (accurately) that he'll turn this awful visit into another story. Finally she accepts the worst: "Maybe it'll make a good story," she says. "But I don't want to know about it if it does." Carver's story is horribly convincing—and it reads like eavesdropping; like life paraded as art.

The final story, "Errand", is unlike any other in *Elephant* or in his collected *Stories*: a part-factual, part-imagined account of the last days of Chekhov, whom Carver greatly admired. It is also an epitaph, Carver's awareness of his own lung cancer echoing Chekhov's lost battle with tuberculosis. In it, he quotes Chekhov's observation that, lacking "a political, religious and philosophical world view...I'll have to limit myself to the description of how my heroes love, marry, give birth, die, and how they speak."

The feeling of having lost a sense of order runs through these stories, and paradoxically it's what gives them their desolate strength; they offer no explanations, but mystery, sometimes, and a tenacious insistence on "truth". Carver himself described his craft with characteristic minimal accuracy in his essay, "On Writing": "The words can be so precise they may even sound flat, but they can still carry; if used right, they can hit all the notes."

The go-between

MONKEYS, MEN AND MISSILES: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, 1946–88
Solly Zuckerman
Collins £19.50

Kenneth O. Morgan

Twenty-five years ago, the demand for government to sponsor and exploit the world of science was the conventional wisdom in Britain. C. P. Snow's famous, if facile, delineation of the "two cultures" captured the popular mood. The Robbins report called for a mighty expansion of scientific and technical education. Harold Wilson urged Labour to nurture the "white heat" of a

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new scientific age. "Socialism," he declared astonishingly, was "about science."

A generation on, much of this passion seems futile. Public investment in science here still lags behind that of our competitors. The Robbins diagnosis is now rebuffed by politicians and educationalists alike. Wilson's Labour governments proved neither planned nor scientific, while our scientists now find themselves at odds with an ex-chemist prime minister.

But there is one personal survivor from that earlier excitement—Lord Zuckerman, scientific adviser and apparatchik extraordinary over 50 years, the very personification of white-coated influence in the corridors of power. In this fascinating and highly informative second volume of reminiscence, he sketches the rewards and disappointments of a lifetime spent at the interface of science and the public service.

It is clear, of course, that Lord Zuckerman was a real scientist, of proven research distinction. He held a major chair of anatomy from 1946 onwards where he continued to do important work in the science of hormones. In the world of zoology he was a dominant figure. He is dismissive of scientific popularisers or second-raters—Dr Bronowski, of *Brains Trust* fame, C. P. Snow the "chemist-novelist" and Mrs Thatcher among others earn his scorn.

But what makes Zuckerman tick is his polymath's fascination, Leonardo-like, with the whole range of scientific inquiry, nuclear energy, environmental matters, population growth and much else, and his urge to translate this into public policy. It was natural for him to serve on the Barlow committee on scientific manpower in 1946 (which, extraordinarily now, seemed content merely to double the annual output of professional scientists to 5,000), and to move into the whole committee-run realm of civil science, research and development thereafter.

Above all, it took him into defence. From 1960 onwards, he was in Whitehall, the chief scientific adviser of the Ministry of Defence. This provides the main value of his book. He documents the extraordinary crises that beset British defence policy and transatlantic strategy in the sixties—Thorneycroft's outrage at the Americans failing him over Skybolt and Macmillan's deft recovery at Nassau to acquire Polaris instead; the crises over the TSR 2 until final cancellation by the Wilson government; the rows with Denis Healey over the F 111 and the decision to end the East of Suez strategy; the subsequent move to take up the hugely expensive and now obsolete Chevaline.

Zuckerman's tone is usually measured and equable—only Edward Teller merits total contempt. But the chronicle of defence policy he offers is a progressive shambles, based on absurd illusions about the nature of nuclear warfare and obtuseness about the point or purpose of Britain's supposedly independent deterrent. It is hard to know which is the more alarming—the casualness with which governments from Macmillan's to Thatcher's ignored the scientific realities of nuclear weaponry, or the entrenched obstinacy of rival service chiefs obsessed with prospective nuclear strikes. One hero is Lord Mountbatten, a consistent advocate of conventional arms deployed through NATO, but there are precious few. Though it might not be his purpose, Zuckerman's story provides grist to the mill of Labour's current defence reappraisal.

His relationship with the political world was a complex and subtle one. Clearly, he could play ball with both sides. His two main Labour friends were those bitter enemies, Gaitskell and Nye Bevan (this leads him into a rare error when discussing the former's disastrous 1951 defence budget). Zuckerman was tangentially involved in the alleged "coup" to depose Wilson in 1968, with Cecil King, Mountbatten and a putative cast of thousands. He cherished links with the arts and the film world; in Hollywood, he hobnobbed with the Hitchcocks and the Laughtons.

Throughout, he had a curious "insider-outsider" relationship with the governments of the day. He was their main scientific front man and go-between, able to instruct Kennedy or Kosygin in the minutiae of British scientific policy. Yet he was also the detached South African Jewish critic, wisely deciding to refuse Wilson's offer of a post as Minister for Disarmament in 1964 (the job finally went to the present cold warrior, Lord Chalfont). The abiding impression is of a totally distant world, that of the sixties when British troops were engaged in places like Aden and Borneo, and the "special relationship" with selected friendly Americans like Admiral Rickover still seemed intact. Now the power has gone, the men have fled to the Lords. Only the monkeys and the missiles remain.

The art of phonography

THE RECORDING ANGEL
Evan Eisenberg
Picador £3.95

John Fordham

Evan Eisenberg is a 33 year old New York music columnist, philosophy graduate and synagogue cantor who has assembled a mixture of anecdote, speculation, profiles and sprawling research into a short book with a portentous subtitle—"Music, Records and Culture from Aristotle to Zappa". From the human face bursting through a gold-leaf mask on the cover artwork to the back-flap quotes ("a record is a world...scratched by man in a form that may survive him") Eisenberg's book is packaged as an analytical breakthrough in the youthful discipline of pondering the transformation of music in the era of recording.

However, despite a great deal of rumination that is opaque and illuminating in more or less equal measure (and in which the author frequently conveys the unsettling impression of making it all up as he goes along) the fundamental proposition amounts to the notion that recording has changed the way musicians function, and the way listeners perceive their work. Going on to affirm that "phonography" now deserves the status of an art rather than simply a medium would certainly come as no surprise to anyone who has listened to recorded works by Stockhausen, Phil Spector or Miles Davis and Gil Evans any time in the past 25 years.

Nonetheless, having made his bed with such threadbare materials, Eisenberg finds himself obliged to get well and truly comfortable in it. This leads him to begin with a profile of a celebrated local collector and eccentric called Clarence, who lives in a freezing and malodorous Long Island building stacked from basement to rafters with thousands of records, old Brunswicks of Gershwin and Astaire, early Jolsons, Edison cylinders. Clarence plays his part as the human-interest representation of music-become-thing, after which Eisenberg really rolls his sleeves up and hits us with Theognis, Timon of Phlius, Hegel, Emerson and Hillel the Elder in a chapter fairly brusquely entitled...well, "Music Becomes a Thing".

This chapter describes the dislocation of music from ritual and social function to "pure art" on the one hand, and on the other to less sophisticated lubricants of capitalist production and consumption like pop music and Muzak. The argument then follows the development of the phonograph, the implications of experiencing music via loudspeakers at home rather than in live performance and—most convincingly—the imaginative uses made of developing recording technology by musicians as different as Armstrong, Caruso, Prokofiev and Stokowski.

Eisenberg's knowledge of musical history, though magpie-like, is clearly considerable, and as the book progresses his tastes appear to be genuinely broad rather than merely self-consciously eclectic. Despite the faults of his book, these qualities go a long way toward substituting an attractively kaleidoscopic picture-show of western musical development for the irresistible march of philosophical endeavour he had in mind.

But his indiscipline is infuriating. He finds it hard to summon up a character to amplify an argument without slipping into a helpless tailspin of personal or epistemological anecdote that the mention of the hapless individual's name occasions in him. His writing is festooned with such blithely imperious claims for the symbolism of artifacts—particularly the sexual symbolism—that he is in danger of turning himself into the kind of psychoanalyst who used to appear in panel discussions on *Monty Python*. Having claimed the tone arm as a phallus, however, even Eisenberg backs off with a few airy waftings in place of his first bold stroke: "it is doubtful that the tone arm has ever served as a phallus, but the metaphor goes deep."

Eisenberg is the kind of fast-food philosopher who leaves himself wide open not only to justifiable complaints that the whole of his book is rather less than the sum of its parts, but also to the gleeful pounce of anti-intellectualism—and the latter does a disservice to what is interesting about *The Recording Angel* purely on the level

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of illustration. Eisenberg's descriptions, for instance, of Stokowski's gathering confidence in electronic recording are fascinating—notably the maestro's furious observation of the mixer at work: "You're paying the wrong man. He's the conductor and I'm not." And Edgar Varese's hopes for "new mechanical mediums which will lend themselves to every expression of thought and keep up with thought" are not only the underpinnings of Eisenberg's ambiguous optimism about the future of the art of phonography but a vibrant expression of faith in the adventure of thought-as-sound that can just about stay alive even in such musically regressive times as these.

Ten pound Poms

THE TEN POUND FARE
Betka Zamoyska
Viking £12.95

Joy Melville

Clare Jarrett

They were known as the "Ten Pound Poms" in Australia: the Brits who took advantage of the assisted passage scheme begun in 1947, and left a depressing, still-rationed Britain for beckoning sunny Australia. A surprising number of these one and a quarter million migrants were cheerfully ignorant about their new homeland: a ship's welfare officer complained, "We used to have to tell them that the kangaroos would not be jumping down the main street to greet them."

Betka Zamoyska has tapped the memory of many who took part in this exodus, who still recall the poignant leavetakings ("there were always a lot of people weeping at Waterloo"), the playing of *Hearts of Oak* on the ship's tannoy, and the ominous sight, on one occasion, of a liner full of previous migrants to Australia now returning to England, who shouted, "Go back, you blighters, go back."

It was after the threat of invasion from the Japanese during the last war that Australia realised the urgent need to increase its numbers and worked out a cost-sharing emigration scheme with the British government. Australian ads and posters offered a better climate, better prospects: for Britons, it was a way out of dead-end jobs and dull, frustrating lives. Migrants' expectations were high and disappointment was inevitable. They initially stayed in ugly, uncomfortable migrant hostels, so far from cities it was difficult to job-hunt. Conditions of work were more primitive and the community was sometimes hostile—an understandable attitude when many Britons made it apparent that they regarded Australians as rednecks who lived in a provincial backwater.

The first two years were the hardest: coming to terms with the loss of family, friends; fighting homesickness; accepting different customs. One migrant recalled her first Christmas morning: "We all got up and the front door was open and this table was set up with only nuts, crisps, pretzels, and that sort of thing and I thought, 'That's not going to be our Christmas dinner, surely not'." Unsatisfactory marriages often collapsed in Australia, because having made one major change in lifestyle, couples were prepared to make another rather than accept a poor relationship.

However, most migrants adapted well. They were pleased to find their ability to do a job counted for more than qualifications, and glad to escape both from family obligations and the conventions of social class, which were more rigid in the England of the fifties. They also enjoyed a higher standard of living in Australia, though they found Australians unsympathetic to losers. "It is a classless society here," said one man, "but money does count. Having the right kind of possessions is important and if you don't own a house by a certain age people begin to think you've failed."

Some migrants stayed in the hostels for years, too insecure to venture out; others went back to Britain after two years (returning before this meant repaying the fare). Those who returned, castigated as "whingeing Poms" by the Australians, were often disillusioned—finding their perceptions of life at home were often as deficient as their original ideas of life in Australia. Unable to settle, many re-emigrated—one family doing so, indecisively, no less than seven times.

By the 1960s, economic conditions in Britain had considerably improved and people's interest in emigration was dwindling. But Betka Zamoyska concludes, in her breezy collection of migrants' experiences, that those she talked to regarded their ten pound fare as the best investment of their lives.

Jazzing it up

JAZZ ON RECORD: A HISTORY
Brian Priestley
Elm Tree Books £14.95

Clive Davis

Regular visitors to Ronnie Scott's, groping their way through the gloom, may well have stumbled across Brian Priestley in some dark corner. One of the most industrious of jazz figures, he has combined a career as a writer, a broadcaster and, most importantly, a pianist. By a happy coincidence, his septet's new album, a collection of Ellington themes, is released this month.

Along with Ian Carr and Digby Fairweather, he was the co-author of *Jazz: the essential companion*, an exemplary reference book which, for all its bias towards British artists, seems sure to remain one of the standard works for some years to come. (Macmillan's *New Grove Dictionary*, due out later this year, will surely set even higher standards, but with a price tag of around £200, is hardly likely to reach far beyond the academic audience.)

Jazz on Record is a slightly more nebulous venture. As Priestley candidly admits in his introduction, the original idea was to compile a guide to specific recordings. Choosing the exact number of albums, though, proved frustrating: 100 would just about have allowed enough space for comment, yet would have been too narrow a choice; expanding the list to 300 would have been more representative, but would have left little room for any meaningful criticism.

In the end, the solution was to resort to a conventional narrative, "a historical survey of the development of jazz which might just happen to discuss the key recordings". There is nothing wrong with that, of course, except that it makes the book's title somewhat misleading, even if Priestley does give more space than usual to the interaction of technology and musical trends.

Fortunately, his catholic taste ensures that this is a resolutely comprehensive inventory. Most important of all, Priestley seems to have maintained his enthusiasm throughout the doldrums of jazz-rock and "crossover", unlike most of his colleagues. There has to be something special about a critic who can spot an analogy between Red Nichols and the latterday fusion hero, David Sanborn.

The flow of information can occasionally be overwhelming. Do we really need to be told, for instance, that an obscure record, *Goin' Nuts*, was released on the same day as the Wall Street Crash? Or that it was "attributed to the 'Six Jolly Jesters', actually an eleven-piece group consisting largely of the Duke Ellington band"? Some of the other historical parallels are equally strained ("Perhaps because America was being drawn into world war two, it seemed a good time to have enmity between different wings of the traditional jazz movement").

Those criticisms aside, Priestley has largely succeeded in balancing the demands of the novice and the connoisseur. His review of post-1970 developments is particularly valuable.

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Max and art

LETTERS OF MAX BEERBOHM 1892–1956
Rupert Hart-Davis (editor)
John Murray £16.95

Sean French

In 1908, when he was 36, Max Beerbohm wrote a letter to his future wife, Florence Kahn. After regretting the unhappiness he felt he had brought her, he continued: "I like you better than any person in the world. But the other sort of caring is beyond me. I realise quite surely now that I shall never be able to care in that way for any one. It is a defect in my nature. It can't be remedied."

Rupert Hart-Davis considers this letter "a key document in Max's life". He adds that "Max was a natural celibate and I doubt whether he ever had a sexual experience of any kind."

Perhaps he was too old for sex. Oscar Wilde remarked that the gods had bestowed on Beerbohm the gift of perpetual old age, and indeed when he left Oxford in 1894 Beerbohm conducted the rest of his life like an extended retirement. Though nominally an aesthete, he detested all forms of artistic innovation. He was crustily appalled by all signs of the modern world. In 1910 he moved to Rapallo in Italy and he spent most of the last 45 years of his life in seclusion there, being cared for first by his wife and then by a German widow whom he married shortly before he died. He never took the trouble to learn Italian.

One fortunate result of Beerbohm's self-imposed exile was that much of his communication with friends and fellow writers had to take place by mail. He writes with silky charm to celebrated contemporaries like George Bernard Shaw and Virginia Woolf. It comes as something of a shock to turn to Edmund Wilson's account of a visit to the aged Max, where we discover how harsh his view of those two writers really was.

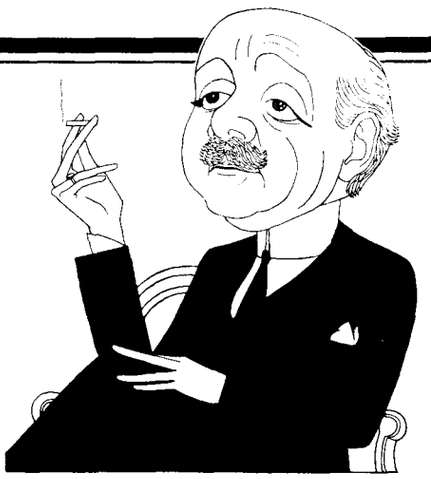
These letters largely present Beerbohm's public face. Unhappily there are only a few examples of his notorious mischief-making. One of the funniest is a letter he wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette* elucidating the line from a Shakespeare sonnet: "Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth." Beerbohm employs utterly convincing and entirely bogus heraldic scholarship. In a later issue the letter was pseudonymously refuted by Beerbohm himself.

Satirists face the permanent problem of what to do with their strange gift. For example, both Evelyn Waugh and S.J. Perelman began their careers as artists. While Waugh moved into increasingly serious fiction, Perelman got trapped in writing short humorous essays of a kind that fewer and fewer magazines existed to publish. Both ended more or less in despair, bored or out of touch with the subjects that had once fuelled their work.

In a famous essay, W.H. Auden was appalled by Beerbohm's careless attitude to art, not least his own. Much of Beerbohm's art is inaccessible, scattered in old periodicals and out-of-print books. The situation with his greatest legacy, his drawings, is even worse. As Beerbohm himself put it to Edmund Wilson, "He had had periodical exhibitions, and the pictures had been bought by Tom, Dick and Harry—he had been very glad to sell them!—but Tom had given his away, and Dick had left his somewhere, and Harry didn't know what had become of his."

Among the greatest of his graphic achievements were the defaced versions of other people's books he used to prepare for his own amusement, rather like the vandalised library books for which Joe Orton was imprisoned. These have scarcely been seen at all.

Auden lamented in Beerbohm the idea that it was somehow unEnglish to take art too seriously. This is perceptive but this magnificent carelessness is the most valuable aspect of these letters. The drawings with which he embellished his correspondence—of his publisher William Heinemann gingerly introducing Zuleika Dobson to the general public, of a genial George Bernard Shaw—show him at his sharp best.



Mary Evans Picture Library

Beerbohm was the great caricaturist of his time but in the end he didn't want to be a genius. Both the private life of his friend Oscar Wilde and the public life of his friend George Bernard Shaw filled him with horror. Instead he chose a cheerfully inert exile, a decision one can regret but hardly blame him for.

Muted lives

LATECOMERS
Anita Brookner
Jonathan Cape £10.95

Patricia Craig

Latecomers is a very subtle book, so subtle indeed that you may finish reading it in a mood of dissatisfaction over its absence of plot, drama, pointed confrontations, friction, moments of blatant comedy and so forth. What it offers in place of these attributes is a strong theme, along with the unimpeachable narrative manner which we have come to expect from this author; Anita Brookner, as ever, writes with gravity and composure, and discloses the circumstances of the lives she's considering, at her own even pace.

The theme of the novel has to do with displacement, and its degenerative effects. Two men, successful businessmen, manufacturers of greetings cards and photocopying machines, understand that "in another life they would have done something more sensible, more serious"; as it is, their occupation reflects a basic uncertainty, a failure to become completely assimilated, though on the surface they may seem to have achieved a proper transmigration.

The names of these men are Hartmann and Fibich, and their association goes back to the days when the pair of them—bewildered German Jewish refugees—latched on to one another at an English boarding school. An aunt of Hartmann's, the widow of an Englishman, provided a home of sorts for both boys; and, once the disagreeable schooling was behind them, they set about ordering the events of their muted lives. Hartmann, the elder, always took the initiative and acquired an outgoing personality, while Fibich continued to bear the burden of an indefinable malaise.

A good deal of the novel is taken up with setting the scene: the author is sparing with dialogue, and with present action, going instead for life history and assessment of character, all of it beautifully and discerningly presented, but somehow lacking in momentum.

What happens? Hartmann and Fibich find wives, have a child apiece, run their business and settle in neighbouring flats. Their wives are not very interesting women, though clearly the author finds them touching in certain respects; the Hartmann daughter Marianne grows into a terrible bore of a girl, sedate and spineless, while in Toto, the Fibichs' forceful son, the life subdued elsewhere finds an extravagant outlet. Toto is very nearly too much for his anxiety-ridden parents, until he grows up and starts to treat them with a slightly mocking kindness. Toto's story forms one strand—a minor strand—of the narrative, as does Marianne's—Marianne, the once-beautiful but dreadfully low-spirited daughter, who is eventually married off by her amiable parents to a man as dull as herself, who likes her fat and fecund, and whose knees on a football field she once admired.

What comes gradually to the fore as the novel progresses is Fibich's state of mind, the state of mind of someone in an uneasy relation to the society in which he lives. While Hartmann, the pragmatist, gains solace from having come through, Fibich is in the grip of perpetual disquiet, a disquiet that extends even to his stomach, which has to be treated carefully, possibly due to his habit of alternately stuffing himself and disclaiming all appetite. Fibich, at a late age, and somewhat fearfully, makes a trip to Berlin, his place of origin, and finds himself, inconclusively, in a foreign city, albeit a rather pleasant one, a place of no significance for him at all. The novel sidesteps the obligation to supply an unequivocal resolution, though it all—all the implicit guilt and upheaval and despair—winds down to a graceful acknowledgement of such things as order and continuity; the effect of the book lies in its resonance, not in any enactment, or reenactment, of a bygone enormity.

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Glasgow revival: dancing at the People's Palace

Design on the dole queues

Are the arts more important than the car industry to Britain today? Neil Wallace looks at important new research

The long-awaited arrival of the Policy Studies Institute's massive **The Economic Importance of the Arts in Britain** (John Myerscough et al, £19.95) comes like cavalry over a hill for the besieged British arts world. Its four volumes contain the results of over three years' research in Glasgow, Ipswich, Merseyside and London and establish John Myerscough and his colleagues as Europe's most experienced economic impact researchers in the cultural field.

Arts workers and practitioners everywhere owe him some gratitude. Whatever else may become of it the study's outstanding contribution is to confirm statistically what many arts lobbyists have been saying from the heart for years. Indeed the headline findings could hardly be more impressive. In 1985/86 the arts clocked up a gross turnover of £10 billion and 251 million attendances, (£433 million worth paid); 496,000 people—or 2.1 per cent of the working population—were employed directly by the sector, and £1.5 billion (27 per cent) of total tourist earnings were attributable to the arts. They're a cost-effective means of job creation (on average almost £1,000 less per job than the Community Programme) and indirectly sustain other jobs—an estimated 2.7 per single job in Glasgow for example. The study places the arts fourth in the invisible export earners table—higher than civil aviation or insurance, and estimates a value-added contribution of £4 billion to the national economy. It also concludes that a staggering two thirds of the adult population had attended a museum, gallery or performed arts venue in the previous 12 months.

The heart of the study is to be found in the individual surveys of Ipswich, Glasgow and Merseyside and these contain the most startling figures of all. In Glasgow alone, the sector employs over 8,000 people directly, generating a gross turnover of £285 million annually and indirectly supporting a further 6,750 jobs. Including rock, jazz and folk, there are over 6.6 million attendances in the city a year. Straying into greyer areas, claims are made for the arts' contribution to urban renewal, in attracting and keeping industry and in improving the image of regions, cities and communities.

So the Institute's findings are as close as we're likely to get this century to a complete cultural audit of Britain. We now know that the arts are indeed a majority pursuit. We know they're an earner, and a big earner at that. We know they bring people and their spending power into the country. In other words, we know they're arguably one of the most consistently successful industries we have. But what will happen now? How much hope is there for the subsidised sector in its Cinderella state?

On the face of it, the study shreds any remaining grounds this government may have for continuing to constrict public support for the arts. There is hardly a Thatcherite principle which the findings of the research fail to embrace: enterprise, partnership between the public and private sectors, self-help, maximising exports or even selling Britain. And of course there are some that it doesn't attempt to quantify, such as the widespread benign self-exploitation of arts workers, their hours, conditions of work and so on.

It's always been a strange conceit of this government that wealth and job creation, or commercial enterprise, is the preserve of the private sector and can't belong to industries deriving their establishment support from public sources. (There are dozens of successful, if subsidised, arts projects across the country whose expansion into new markets, creation of new jobs, pursuit of more sources of earned income, exports, image-making on behalf of their localities and communities, has been achieved through enterprise and sheer hard work.) Even the government's argument of last resort for starving the subsidised arts is no longer remotely credible. I don't see how anybody can accept that the arts should continue to suffer through public expenditure controls when £100 million can appear from nowhere to woo the Thyssen collection to Britain. A laudable move no doubt—and one which would have delivered handsomely on the economic impact score had the good Baron thought fit to do the

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same. Wouldn't it be ironic if even a fraction of the Thyssen sum wasn't diverted to fund the kinds of investment opportunities thrown up by this report?

Of course Myerscough himself calls for more money in the report. This isn't very likely to be free money, nor need it necessarily be routed through the Office of Arts and Libraries. He sees a new role for the Department of Employment, for the Department of Trade and Industry. Well, so do we all. But it shouldn't be forgotten that cash-starved though the arts may be, they don't need extra funds unconditionally. What leads the arts is ideas, visions, talents, joys, angers. Looking at the past half-dozen years of policy-driven expenditure by arts funding bodies, this is sometimes easily overlooked, and the creative autonomy of our arts organisations could be threatened further in an expedient and ill-considered rush to implement some of what the Institute's study calls "the economic potential of the arts".

The publication of this report is almost bound to accelerate the current move towards new, economically-based criteria of assessment for arts organisations. Sure, strengthen the institutional—the economic—capacity of arts organisations, but do so by letting them exploit potentials for growth and development needs which *they themselves* identify. What the arts represent in economic terms today will be largely what they have always been, so new economic considerations must not displace other higher objectives—however unfashionable an idea that may be. We'd be kidding ourselves if we weren't alert to some real dangers here. The Institute's figures on average costs of job creation in relation to existing government schemes could lead to the invention of new manpower-led monsters designed to do more for dole figures than art and artists. And what about the Touropound? The links between tourism and Britain's cultural infrastructure uncovered by the study are remarkable—perhaps even flattering—but they are two industries, not one. There's a world of difference between a flourishing arts venture and a successful tourist honeypot. Arts projects should be given the opportunity to exploit their own tourist appeal, not displaced by a welter of new developments allied to the heritage industry.

Parliament now has a developed understanding of Britain's cultural equity within its grasp. It will probably find it easy to ignore the implications of this extraordinary study and it now is up to the arts lobby to take the initiative. Aided by the huge scope of Myerscough's research, and the "imprimateur" of a respected and independent think-tank, it's time to lift the campaign onto another level entirely. Forget the piecemeal lobbying of MPs and local councils. Forget the National Campaign for the Arts. The Arts Council, BFI, Crafts Council, British Council, Council of Regional Arts Associations, local authority associations, tourist boards and development corporations should attempt to act as one. They should try to avoid snatching defeat out of the jaws of victory.

Consumer spending on admissions to arts events and attraction, 1985/86

	£ million
Museums and galleries	18
Built heritage	34
Theatres and concerts	256
Cinemas	125
Total	433

Spending by arts customers in Britain: by residents, day visitors and tourists

	£ million
Residents	
Museums & galleries	288
Theatres & concerts	340
Sub-total	628
Day visitors	
Museums & galleries	218
Theatres & concerts	70
Sub-total	288
Tourists	
British	950
Overseas	2,171(a)
Sub-total	3,121
Total	4,037

(a) of which £1,802 million was spending by overseas tourists visiting London

Economic impact of arts organisations, their customers and the cultural industries in Glasgow, Merseyside and Ipswich

	Spending (£ million)	Income (£ million)	Jobs (numbers)
Glasgow			
Arts organisations	25.5	11.4	2,620
Customer spending (a)	66.6	13.9	4,185
Cultural industries (b)	193.2	,,	7,930
Total	285.3	,,	14,735
Merseyside			
Arts organisations	14.0	6.4	1,698
Customer spending (a)	60.3	7.9	3,405
Cultural industries (b)	15.8	,,	1,544
Total	90.1	,,	6,647
Ipswich			
Arts organisations	4.4	1.7	610
Customer spending (a)	13.9	2.7	781
Cultural industries (b)	6.4	,,	654
Total	24.7	,,	2,025

(a) Excluding spending on arts organisations
(b) Including own-account artists not counted in arts organisations and cultural industries
Source for tables: Policy Studies Institute

MEDIATIONS

The wheel turns, in television as in other spheres: yesterday's heresy is today's vision and tomorrow's praxis. So Thatcherism puts on the agenda what was once passionately advocated from the left though for diametrically different ideological reasons.

Ten or 15 years ago, it was the left that was proposing the BBC be dismantled, the IBA dismissed, the managers put out to grass, the power of the professional curtailed and the regulations torn up. Access was the buzz-word, accountability the cry. The elite that stifled the aspirations of the people was to be given no quarter. The piffling editorial decisions that were clearly designed to appease Mary Whitehouse or Merlyn Rees had to be mercilessly shown up for the crass cowardice that they were. Community video and positive discrimination would give the airwaves to the people who *really* owned them.

Heady days. Yet here is the government bent on destabilising the BBC's economic base, threatening to hive off the "minority" channels—BBC2 and Channel 4—and put them straight onto satellite (a proposal that has been withdrawn after hasty consultation), planning the decisive deregulation of all public service controls and—latest in the relentless exercise of here-be-dragons—flying the kite, courtesy of that regular mouthpiece the *Sunday Times*, that the IBA has got to go.

In the press, few tears are being shed over the IBA's premature obits. Reactions from the Authority itself have been only abject, implicitly accepting that a new body, generally referred to as the Commercial Television Authority, will come into being and making a notably tentative offer of its own expertise in that role. That Brompton Road will lose control of independent radio is clearly accepted without a squeak.

You can just hear the cries of "hijack" or "fraud" if the IBA's throat were being cut in the name of Bennism instead of Thatcherism. But we live in topsy-turvy times. Why even Alasdair Milne begins, in retrospect, to take on the shadowy form of something approaching a people's hero.

It must be the silly season. Terry Wogan—does he need the money?— pens a putative *Radio Times* guide to getting into the BBC. With customary facetiousness Wogan affectionately twits Television Centre commissionaires. Though a regular visitor to the Centre over 19 years, I have never seen a commissionaire whom I recognised or who recognised me. I have enjoyed more stand-up rows at the main gates than anywhere else in London, resenting as I do that undisguised suspicion that I am guilty of malice aforethought until prove innocent.

W Stephen Gilbert

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Cinema

Sacked by the party

Jonathan Mirsky talks to Chinese film director Chen Kaige

For decades Chinese films pushed a Big Lie: that the past was black, the present hopeful, and the future bound to be splendid. This lie was assisted by little ones; all characters were either good or bad, no ambiguity was permitted, party cadres could suffer doubts but always came up red red trumps, peasants, workers and soldiers were good, and all foreigners (with a few notable exceptions) and bourgeoisie were bad fellows, easy to spot by their ratty moustaches and sinister hats.

Every now and again filmmakers tried to break with this dogma. But from the early fifties, if they were lucky, their attempts were banned; if the atmosphere was more ferocious, punishments ranged from detention to execution, and some of the more spectacular bannings, occasionally seen at international festivals, have yet to appear on general release at home.

Of all Mao's legacy, nothing has endured longer than his views and directives on literature and art, first enunciated in 1942 (seven years before the Communists came to power) and invoked in countless anti-intellectual campaigns aimed at writers, artists, poets and directors.

Although the atmosphere has steadily lightened since Mao's death in 1976, every Chinese intellectual knows that while Deng Xiaoping lives anything that appears "anti-party" can result in a crackdown, although imprisonment and death no longer seem possible. Last year eight of China's leading intellectuals were purged, accused of spreading "bourgeois liberal" ideas—that is, advocating western-style democracy. More than once Deng has demanded to know where dissidents got their paper and ink.

Chen Kaige, one of the best of China's young filmmakers, has experienced the worst his country reserves for its intellectuals—except death. He has also benefitted from its rewards—travelling abroad and having a screening at the 1988 Cannes film festival.

Chen's newest film, now showing at London's ICA, is **King of the Children** (until Sept 22). His last film was *Yellow Earth*, set in the backward Chinese west, and notable for its vivid colour and intimate inspection of bleak peasant life. Some may also know of the scandal of Chen's *Big Parade*, less than three years ago, which had its original ending changed at supreme command because it had offended the People's Liberation Army and probably Deng Xiaoping himself.

Like *Swan Song* and *Hibiscus Town* (recently shown at the ICA), *King of the Children* is not only a wonderful film; all three sound one of the most hopeful notes about Deng's China. In their very hopelessness they are hopeful, if for no other reason than that the characters are often truly decent or even heroic, without being Stalinist cutouts through which the actors of the moment are forced to poke their faces.

"King of the Children": "reform through labour"

The main character in *King of the Children* is Lao Gar, a young Pekingese of meagre education. He has been sent to the countryside to undergo "reform through labour". Lao has been cutting bamboo for almost 10 years in Yunnan province, in rugged hill country inhabited by an ethnic minority with their own language. He is suddenly told to teach Chinese in a rustic school, where there are no books, the students are chaotic and insolent, and the other teachers confine themselves to writing lessons on the board and waiting for the students, who can barely read, to copy them down. The new teacher (played by the enormously appealing Xie Yuan) wins their trust, ignores the texts and is sacked by the party. He drifts bleakly away, looking at the countryside ravaged by overcutting and burning.

Nothing much to be optimistic about here, in Stalinist-Maoist terms. But the Yunnan hill people are admirable under their shyness and ignorance, and a cowherd shows his sympathy for the sacked teacher by peeing on the ground near him. Only Chen Kaige and Ah Cheng, the author of the short story on which the film is based (who spent 11 banished years in Yunnan) could have created this moment. Cows in Yunnan go crazy for lack of salt and their cowherds comfort their animals by giving them something salty to lick. Chen pointed out to me that the cowherd could offer the miserable teacher (who had once offered to teach him to read) nothing better. "In China we are all like cows. We need something."

Chen's father, a well-known director, was purged during the Cultural Revolution for being a Kuomintang member. The teenage Chen hardly saw his father for 10 years, but honestly recalls that he had been afraid of him anyway and that his father's "bad class background" made him feel ashamed at his exclusive school where the other students were the pampered sons of national leaders.

In the film the exiled young intellectuals, living in their woodsman's camp in the Yunnan hills, are bound by a rough and tumble fellowship of shared jokes and sexuality. Chen admits this is a fantasy: "Another of my dreams of how I'd like life to be. Actually there was a lot of fighting." He speaks with similar flatness about his five years in the army. "It was a way of getting back to the

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city, of looking good politically. The officers told me no-one minded about my father's difficulties."

What the high command did care about was Chen's portrayal of the army in *The Big Parade*, his second feature film made after four years in the Peking film school. His father had warned him to stay away from directing: "He said that films were a way to get into serious political trouble in China. "Chen's film was based on the annual vast military march-past in the capital. He wanted to show how the soldiers felt about it. "I knew from talking to soldiers that it took eight months of practice. The officers hoped they would be promoted if it went well."

In Chen's original ending, his camera panned over the faces of soldiers who had been staring into the sun for 15 minutes; tears rolled down their cheeks. "They were waiting for Deng Xiaoping to drive by and they couldn't move their eyes. I was told the army thought I made the soldiers seem Japanese. Then someone threatened to send in the troops and burn the film." Eventually, on orders from the central committee, Chen reshot the last five minutes, showing a triumphal parade. "All the actors, everyone, were very very angry."

King of the Children had been tipped for a prize at Cannes. It didn't get one. To Chen "it was very disappointing. How can judges wearing black ties and dinner jackets understand the Cultural Revolution and poor Chinese?"

The Cultural Revolution means a lot to Chen Kaige. His ambition is to direct a big-budget feature about it. "But now that would be impossible. I'd have to tell the truth about Chairman Mao, about why so many people died. Maybe...in 10 years."

Music

Sophisticated hicks

Stuart Cosgrove on the return to no-nonsense emotionalism in new country

This has been a great year for sophisticated hicks. You can buy Budweiser at Tescos, wear Levis to work, and new country music has arrived in earnest. If the BBC rejuvenated *The Dukes of Hazard*, Britain's sophisticated hicks could set up home in an imagined America, the land of beat-up Buicks, Wild Turkey and Dixie and Dean.

For well over ten years, since the American record industry first invented the term "countrypolitan", Nashville has been agonising over its final crossover: how to sell rural rhythms to the sophisticated record buyers of the world? This year, they may have come up with the answer. New country is a concerted appeal to

Dwight Yoakam: city hillbilly?

the America of the imagination, the perfect soundtrack for displaced citizens who yearn for an uncomplicated return to no-nonsense emotionalism and six-pack diplomacy.

The late Raymond Williams would have enjoyed the ironies of Dwight Yoakam's *Buenas Noches From A Lonely Room* (Reprise). The album's pursuit of a simple vision of stardom in which the balding Yoakam is transformed by subtle photography into a cowboy icon—the Jesse James Dean of the hillbilly scene—is achieved through a seamless interaction between the country and the city, those two polar dependents that Williams continually returned to as a source of dialectical inspiration.

Yoakam's songs have been greeted as a challenge to Nashville's traditionalism and a breath of new air which will take country music into a new future, but they offer continuity rather than a break with country's past. Songs like *I Sang Dixie* and *Floyd County*, with their emotionally strained stories of impending death and abject poverty, rekindle thoughts of the ultimate country narrative, told to tearful extreme in Clarence Carter's *Patches*, where blindness, poverty, death and a passing dustbowl conspire to keep a family of southern dirt-farmers in orphaned poverty.

Songs with a built-in Kleenex are not new to Nashville. Yoakam is simply singing them in a different consumer context to the one that supported the early sixties songs of Merle Haggard and Johnny Cash. New country hasn't arrived but a new audience has. Yoakam almost describes his audience in *I Got You*, an infectious strum through the images of Sam Shepard's mythological new frontier, in which the singer sets out to capture the road-movie in song. "I drive a beat up '67 Chevrolet/With a torn up seat", says Dwight, knowing full well that out there a whole audience of sophisticated hicks are watching Wim Wenders' *Kings Of The Road*, imagining a life refracted through Kerouac's novels and half-empty bottles of Jack Daniels.

The triumphant rise of the sophisticated hick is evidenced in *Til Things Are Brighter* (Red Rhino), a 13-track tribute to Johnny Cash, which brings together the composite talents of Michelle Shocked, Marc Almond, Pete Shelley and vocalist from That Petrol Emotion, Voice Of The Beehive and that uncontainable Leeds-based institution, The Mekons.

A number of Britain's most consciously aesthetic musicians, like Cabaret Voltaire's Stephen Mallinder, have been lured into joining this joyously ironic tribute to Cash, the son of a Scottish dirt-farmer from Arkansas, who provided country and western with its greatest musical triptych, *One Piece At A Time, Ring of Fire* and the self-reflexive penetentiary classic *Folsom Prison Blues*.

The LP's sleeve-notes greet Johnny Cash as the only country star who dared to speak out against the Vietnam war, seeking to distance the compilation from country music's reactionary southern core. For the urbane consumer, country's links with southern racism is its greatest stumbling-block and so Cash's support for Indian rights in the sixties, his marriage to a dark-skinned Texan and his wild-card, cowboy radicalism make him an endearing figure in the eyes of sophisticated hicks.

Cash's bandit lifestyle is the ultimate myth lived out as reality and the *Til Things Are Brighter* compilation pays dutiful homage. By including a cover-version of *Rosanna's Goin' Wild* it also implicitly pays a passing tribute to Johnny's wayward daughter, the new country star Rosanne Cash. She almost upstaged her father when she checked into a drug rehabilitation centre in Atlanta in 1983, only to return to record two of new country music's evergreen albums *Rhythm And Romance* and her recent release *King's Record Shop*.

Rosanne Cash and her husband, the new-country lyricist Rodney Crowell, whose solo album *Diamonds And Dirt* was released in America last month, are the matrimonial vanguard of a new country generation which was represented in Britain recently by the hugely successful Route 88 tour. Six major record labels pooled their resources to stage 21 concerts featuring new country stars like Lyle Lovett, k d lang, Randy Travis, Kathy Matea and the Sweethearts of the Rodeo. According to the Gallup organisation, sales figures for the top 10 country albums for the period of the tour outsold all expectations, climbing to a total of 33,000 sales in less than three months.

Randy Travis's new album *Old 8 x 10* (WB) will secure his dominance in the country charts and may benefit from the residual crossover success of the Route 88 tour. His attractiveness

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to contemporary British record buyers is similar to the lasting appeal of the films of Douglas Sirk. He offers a vista of exaggerated emotionalism set in a twilight past, which through a complex archaeology of style has been repossessed by the consumer moods of the present.

Travis's musical sound refutes the bloated superstars of Nashville and is infused with the kicking energy that characterises the sound of new country. But his break with the past is never decisive. It begs the inevitable question: is country's neo-traditionalism simply yesterday's mutton dressed as tomorrow's lambs? Do instantly memorable songs like the naively devotional *Forever And Ever, Amen* offer a new country aesthetic or simply refashion the ancient emotions of white America's rural past for a growing urban audience of sophisticated hicks? You bet buster!

Marketing

Picking up The Bill

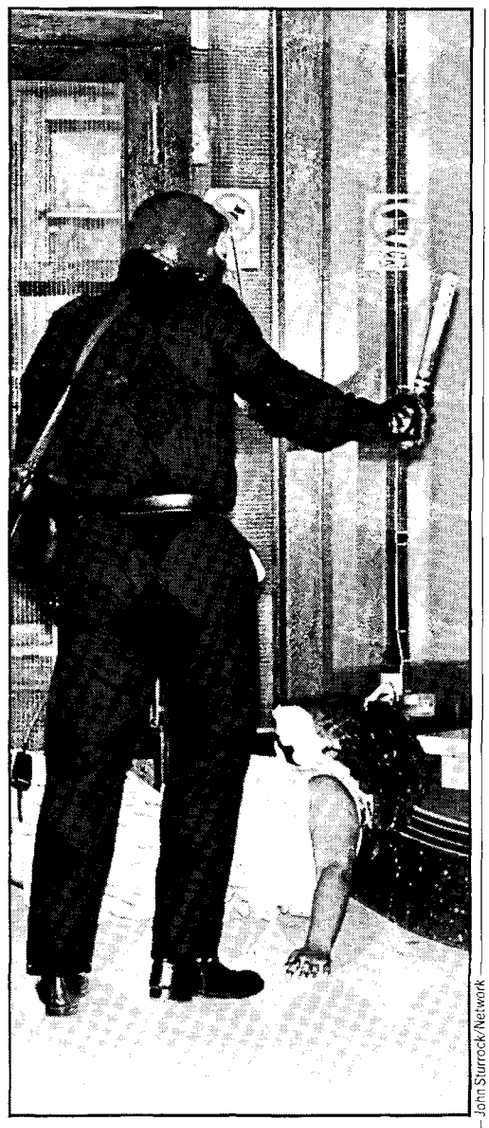
Stephen Moss on how the Met called in the corporate designers

London cab drivers aren't necessarily representative, but the ones who took me to and from Scotland Yard were eloquent in their condemnation of the police. Pampered, overpaid, inefficient, unsympathetic, petty and freemasons to a man—the litany was alarming.

I was at Scotland Yard to meet Robin Goodfellow and John Stubbs, director and deputy director of public affairs for the Metropolitan Police and the men charged with changing those perceptions. The job is seen as critical because it isn't just cantankerous cabbies who have a poor opinion of London's police but an increasing number of their passengers too. "At the moment there seem to be three groups of people," says Goodfellow, "the villains, us and the public. We want a situation where it's us and the public against the villains. Because of events like the Brixton riots, the Holloway Road incident and Wapping, there now seems to be a general suspicion of the police and the public don't give us the benefit of the doubt. They assume that any allegation made against us is right."

At the end of last year the Met took the unprecedented step of employing an outside consultancy, Wolff Olins, to help it alter those perceptions, and on 18 August it submitted its initial report and recommendations to the Met's policy committee.

Wolff Olins is the UK's leading corporate identity specialist and prides itself on its research-led approach. It tries to get inside an organisation and understand its culture before recommending changes to improve that culture and supplying a logo to encapsulate it. The consultancy was picked after presentations by



John Sturrock/Network

How do you clean up the image of the police?

10 widely varying types of organisation and beat ad agency Saatchi and Saatchi in the final pitch, an indication that the Met wanted an analysis of its long-term role rather than a high-profile but short-term corporate advertising campaign.

Wolff Olins is usually labelled a design consultancy, but chairman Wally Olins prefers to call it a "soft issue consultancy". "Whereas management consultants deal with hard organisational issues," he explains, "we deal with soft issues—culture, personality and how you should present yourself in the market." What is frustrating for Olins is that commentators tend only to be interested in the visible changes his designers produce and ignore the research and the management recommendations that underpin them. Press reaction to the announcement of the Met job was typical: Wolff Olins' involvement heralded, we were assured, designer policemen and framed photofit pictures by David Hockney.

Olins is leading a team which has spent the past six months analysing the Met, reading internal reports, meeting personnel at all levels, going on operations with the police, and testing public attitudes. They are now waiting for reactions to their report from Commissioner Peter Imbert and his colleagues on the policy committee and for confirmation that the process will be carried forward to stage two—the setting up of working parties to deal with specific aspects of the organisation such as training, recruitment, internal communications and equipment.

They have been paid £120,000 for their work to this point and have no guarantee that the programme will proceed, but Olins would be very disappointed if it was terminated now. Assuming that it does go ahead the process will be a lengthy one, with nothing tangible emerging until well into 1989. Ultimately, though, the changes could be far-reaching: better internal communications, less confusion over names (who are they—the Metropolitan Police, the Met, Scotland Yard, the CID, the Special Branch?), a more coherent visual identity and, above all, a cultural change that shifts the emphasis from being a police force to being a police "service".

Goodfellow and Stubbs say it would have been easy to have gone for a quick spruce-up, with snazzy stationery and a consumer-friendly symbol, but that that would have been pointless. Their aim is to get away from the situation where each London police station has its own culture, and create one consistent culture and image that inform the work of every member of the Met. If that can be achieved, they believe three benefits will emerge: the creation of a more coherent corporate entity, without the sharp divisions between police officers and civilians within the Met and between uniformed and non-uniformed officers; the confidence and support of the general public; and a better climate for recruitment at a time when the number of people in the main recruiting age range will be falling.

Olins believes the job is the most important he has ever tackled, and the work may also be important in demonstrating what such programmes can achieve outside the commercial world. In the past few years, government departments, political parties and trade unions have started to take an interest in corporate identity. Lord Young has relaunched the Department of Trade and Industry as the Department of Enterprise. The Department of Employment has adopted a new symbol to link together all its schemes and stresses that it deals with employment rather than unemployment. The General Municipal Boilermakers' Union has swapped its "unity is strength" logo for a "working together" message. Even the Labour Party has decided it is better represented by a pink rose than a red flag.

But all these were rapid projects undertaken for largely short-term, tactical reasons and were criticised as merely providing wallpaper for structures that needed the services of a plasterer. The Met could be different: there is time, money and, Olins believes, the will to change the substance as well as the surface of the organisation. Whether it proves to be different and succeeds in encouraging new, more responsive attitudes will be a vital test both for the Met, which needs to win back the confidence of the community it serves, and for the identity business, which continues to be seen by many as a case for the Fraud Squad.

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VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme. Interested organisations are invited to send their copy (approximately 45 words) to Brian Cushion at New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ. Please note that this service is for recruiting volunteers only. If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 01-739-1645.

THE COUNCIL FOR Housing Young People requires live-in Volunteer helpers for its house in Wilton Street, Glasgow. Do your personal qualities combine patience with caring, good listening and communication skills with a substantial degree of understanding? Can you give time, energy and constructive support to the young homeless as they move towards independent living? If this all sounds too much then worry not, we are not looking for Saintly Martyrs or people with a PhD in human behaviour, and if you've read this far then it's likely that you possess the most important attribute required for the job - a deep concern for young people and their continuing welfare. Tel: 041 946 9207 for further details, or write to C.H.Y.P. Hostel, 171 Wilton Street, G20 6DF.

KENSINGTON AND CHELSEA Volunteer Bureau can help you to help people and become involved in community or environmental projects in your spare time. Talk to us, we can help you choose from a wide range, where your help is most needed. Telephone: 01 969 2433 ext 281. or 961 3722, or write to: Westway & Information Centre, 140 Ladbroke Grove, London, W10 5ND.

READING EMERGENCY Accommodation Project requires 2 Project Workers to join staff team responsible for the day to day management of our emergency hostel. The staff team at present are re-structuring our service in preparation for major developments. Allowances averaging £45 per week, in addition to food allowances and accommodation, + holiday and trave allowances and leaving gratuity. For an informal chat please ring (0734) 574020 or application and information from 571 Oxford Road, Reading, RG3 1HL.

CRESCENT Community Centre, NW5. We aim to promote the use of the centre by ALL members of the community. We need volunteers urgently to help both with established groups and to help set up new initiatives, especially with women, blacks and the ethnic minorities. Contact Catherine, Geoff or Martin on 485 7686.

CEREBRAL PALSY APPEAL We need help to raise the £1m needed to build a unit for those children with Cerebral Palsy at Guy's Hospital. People can give as much or as little time as they can manage. Please contact Mike Butler or Lucinda Shaw on 01-252 0294; alternatively people can write to The Guy's Hospital Cerebral Palsy Appeal, 70 St Mary Church St, Rotherhithe, SE16.

INTERESTED IN HELPING People? Volunteers for an evening East London advice/information centre for drug related problems. We offer an intoductory 21 week evening course before practical training begins. Application deadline is the 1st of September. Interested? For more information call Roz on 383 5071 or write to APA, 5-7 Tavistock Place, London, WC1H 9SS.

VOLUNTEERS needed for office support work (part-time) in the Samaritan National Appeal Office in Central London. Help needed mainly in organising large mailings in small but friendly office, also with computer input and various special events. Please contact Samantha Stapleton at Samaritan National Appeal Office, 46 Marshall St., London, W1V 1LR. Tel: 01 439 1149.

help

The HELP programme is a 5 minute local programme appearing at 6.25 on Thames TV, three times a week. Currently no transmision. Back in September!

It's summer and there's lots on in London

But where can you afford to go if you are unemployed? 'Shoestring Summer' is a free new booklet which lists free events and concessions available for unemployed people in the Thames area this summer. It's free, it's provided by the HELP programme and you can get it from:

HELP (Shoestring Summer), P.O. Box 11, London, NW1 3HZ

HELP • THAMES TV • EMBER HOUSE • 164/166 DRUMMOND STREET LONDON • NW1 3HR • TELEPHONE: 01 387 9494

NURSES DEFENCE GROUP are in need of Volunteers. Each day nurses are injured - many of these injuries could be prevented. The need is for greater hazard awareness and support for nurses that are injured. Preliminary evidence has been given by Mr Michael Meacher of the Select Committee but we need further help to be effective. Free legal help would be much appreciated. Please write to Patrick Duffy, at 243, Marston Road, Marston, Oxford, Oxfordshire.

BUILD A RELATIONSHIP AND Watch it Grow! Some children have no-one who really listens to them. Some have little contact with a positive male figure. Join our volunteer group, men and women, and get to know one of these children. If you are interested, live within reach of Islington and have 2/3 hours a week to spare contact SPAN on 250 1223.

COMMUNITY CENTRE - A Nursery, Playgroup and Youth Club are in danger through lack of funds. We need volunteers to help with our street collection day - 20 August in Islington, London, N1. For more details ring Sheila, Russell, Gordon or Linda on 01-354 3589. Community Centre at 135 Bentham Crt, Ecclesbourne Road, London, N1 3AA.

CABLE STREET PROJECT We require volunteers to help run a drop-in project in London's East End. The Drop-in is open weekday afternoons, Friday for women only. We provide for short term needs, i.e. food, shelter, support, information, & access to local facilities, also longer term resettlement and referral to the limited housing that's available. Travel expenses are payable within London, accommodation may be offered. Ring: Alison or Paul for an information pack on 01 790 4121.

LONDON SHOP COLLECTORS are urgently needed for the RNIB's Sunshine Fund for Blind Babies and Young People. Full or part-time volunteers needed. Expenses within London paid and lunch provided. Contact Audrey Smith, Sunshine Fund, 214 Great Portland Street, London, W1.

FULL-TIME VOLUNTEER is wanted to work with young adults with emotional and psychiatric problems. Board and lodging, a small allowance and some training opportunities offered. Please contact Kathy Maguire, 01 467 0324 for further details.

DO YOU CARE about young people? Dartford and Swanley One to One Youth Befriending Scheme needs caring and committed Volunteers to befriend youngsters on a one to one basis. Youngsters may be struggling with themselves, & experiencing difficult home situations or feel generally isolated with no stable adult around who can give them support. Can you help? For more information please contact Ms Marilyn Russell on Dartford (0322) 93484.

VOLUNTEERS required to work in Hostels for the Homeless in Swansea. £45 per 38 hour week. Accommodation is included away from Hostels. Fare home every three months. For details please contact Paul Smith on Swansea (0792) 459288.

WE REQUIRE RESIDENTIAL Volunteer for a house in Peckham London for 11 adults with learning difficulties. Duties to include supporting residents in social, educational and domestic activities. £35 per week for 30 hours plus full board and own room. Write c/o Miss H Crowhurst, 127 Friary Rd, London, SE15 5UW or telephone 01 732 0208.

STREETWISE Youth Project offers help to young people for whom prostitution is a problem. We urgently require volunteers with: ability to provide regular daytime commitment; a supportive, non-judgmental approach; a respect for confidentiality and the ability to work in a team. Please call Peter on 373 1330.

APEX TRUST IN PECKHAM urgently requires volunteers to teach Information Technology to small groups of unemployed people. Applicants should be experienced, and interested in working with ex-offenders. A busy but friendly and supportive project. Expenses paid. Phone or write to Kevin Walker, Apex Trust, 135 Rye Lane, Peckham, London, SE15 4ST. Tel: 01-732 9776/7.

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Team Leader

£14,241 - £15,417 per annum inclusive

A Team Leader is required in the North Area office based at the Civic Centre to lead a team of social workers and the successful applicant will be expected to provide leadership and supervision to a team consisting of six workers.

He/she should have substantial experience of generic social work of student supervision and a good understanding of child care and Mental Health legislation and an awareness of the managerial tasks.

Application forms are available from the Director of Social Services, Civic Centre, Dagenham, Telephone 01-592 4500 Ext 2379
Closing date:
Friday 2nd Sept 1988

Barking & Dagenham

KIRKLEES METROPOLITAN COUNCIL West Yorkshire

WE ARE AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

Officer of the Chief Executive — personnel and management services division

TRAINING OFFICER: (DISABLED PEOPLE)

Vacancy No: A/PERS 427. Post No: 301230
Salary: SO1 (£11,322 - £12,075) p.a.
(Pay Award Pending)

Kirklees is looking for a third equal opportunities Trainer to join its Central Training Unit. The focus of this post is upon disability issues and the successful applicant will work alongside the Women's and Ethnic Minorities Trainers. The three Trainers are charged as part of their brief, with ensuring that equal opportunities issues are raised in all aspects of the Authority's training. The post is partially Section 11 funded.

The Training Officer (Disabled People) will be expected to analyse the training needs of disabled and able-bodied employees, disabled community representatives and, to a lesser extent, disability organisations. The Trainer will also give advice and act as consultant on disability issues to others involved in training.

Experience of the enthusiasm for training as a means of introducing change is essential. Applicants should have experience of designing and presenting courses and should be able to adapt courses to meet the needs of people with varying disabilities and to evaluate their effectiveness.

The successful applicant will be based at Thorpe Grange, the Authority's recently opened Training Centre, which has had some modifications to provide work and training facilities for people with disabilities.

In accordance with the Council's policy on equal opportunities and the Disabled Persons (Employment) Act, only disabled candidates need apply. Applicants should, however, be able to demonstrate a commitment to equal opportunities for all disadvantaged groups.

For application form and job description please write or phone:-

Personnel and Management Services Division, Kirklees Metropolitan Council, Pearl Assurance House, John Williams Street, Huddersfield, HD1 1BA
Telephone (0484) 22133 ext. 3104/3105

Completed applications to be returned by:- 16th September 1988
The Council operates a Trade Union Membership Agreement.

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Residential Warden required for this voluntary managed nine-bed hostel for homeless young people.

This post would suit a married person whose spouse could follow own occupation, but would be expected to support the warden in return for free occupation of two bedroomed flat on the premises.

Applicants should hold a recognised qualification in residential social work, or be able to show evidence of substantial relevant experience.

Informal discussion about the post, job specification and application forms (returnable by September 1st 1988) can be obtained from Mrs J Brown, Southwold Young Peoples Hostel Association, Lowlands, Sodbury, Horton, nr Bristol BS17 6QH. Telephone 0454 313699.

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BRISTOL POLYTECHNIC

2 Researchers 'B'

£10,071 - £13,251

The Learning about AIDS Young People's Project (funded by AVERT) seeks two enthusiastic and committed researchers to develop and disseminate health education materials for use in youth clubs, youth training schemes and youth and community education. The posts will commence on November 1st or as soon as possible thereafter and will be for 24 months in the first instance.

Applicants should have a first degree or its equivalent in social science, health or education, a sensitivity to equal opportunities issues involved in health education about HIV infection and AIDS, and experience of participatory education with young people. Experience in personal and social education, sexuality education and HIV/AIDS education would be an advantage. An ability to form good relationships with young people, youth workers, YTS trainers and employers would be essential.

Informal enquiries relating to this post should be made after 26 August to the Project Director, Dr Peter Aggleton, on Bristol (0272) 741251 ext 2214.

For further details and an application form, to be returned by 7 September 1988, please ring our 24-hour answer-phone service, Bristol 652861, or contact direct the Personnel Office, Bristol Polytechnic, Coldharbour Lane, Frenchay, Bristol, BS16 1QY on Bristol 656261 ext 2216 or 2205.

Please quote reference number A/4/NS in all communications

Avon is an Equal Opportunities Employer and considers all applicants on their suitability for the post regardless of sex, race, disability or sexual orientation.

COUNTY OF AVON EDUCATION SERVICE

Hazel, Carol Anne, Chris & Michael
The Classified Team
01 739 1645

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(Senior Administrative Grade)

Based at our Waterloo Headquarters, the postholder will provide a comprehensive welfare service to the staff of the London Ambulance Service and their dependants.

Although qualifications are not essential, the successful candidate will have relevant experience and must demonstrate a commitment to the welfare role in a public service.

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For further details and an application form, please write to:
The Personnel Department, 220, Waterloo Road, SE1 8SD
or telephone 01-928 0333, ext 2320
Closing date: 2 weeks from Publication

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LONDON AMBULANCE SERVICE

DIRECTOR

Salary £22,716-£24,990
(Five Year Renewable Contract)

Applications for the post of DIRECTOR are invited from people who respond to the challenge of change and development. The DIRECTOR heads a staff of thirty two serving the West Midlands Region from an office base in Birmingham.

West Midlands Arts is the regional cultural development agency working with a diversity of arts organisations, artists, national and regional funding bodies and other agencies and the local authorities of Hereford and Worcester, Shropshire, Warwickshire and the seven West Midlands Metropolitan Districts.

West Midlands Arts strives towards equal opportunities in all aspects of its work and is, therefore, committed to a process of monitoring and review of equal opportunities policy and implementation.

We are seeking someone with a proven record of management, an understanding of the public sector and a commitment to the arts.

Application form and further details are available from:

The Chair
West Midlands Arts
82 Granville Street
BIRMINGHAM B1 2LH
Tel: (021) 631-3121

Closing date for receipt of application:
Friday 9 September 1988

WEST MIDLANDS ARTS

Metro Rochdale

A LOCAL COUNCIL-BUILDING A FUTURE

Your application will be judged solely on its merits

CHIEF EXECUTIVE & TOWN CLERK'S DEPARTMENT

INFORMATION SERVICES CO-ORDINATOR

— NEIGHBOURHOOD SERVICES UNIT

PO3 £13,449 - £14,625 (Pay award pending)

Metro Rochdale is embarking on a strategy to decentralise its services to local Neighbourhood Offices.

Meeting the information needs of the public is a top priority in this.

We are looking for an Information Services Co-ordinator who will lead this work from within the Neighbourhood Service Unit. The objective will be to develop a comprehensive information strategy for the Borough.

The first priority will be to develop and have overall managerial responsibility for a 'one stop shop' Information Centre at the Municipal Offices in Rochdale Town Centre. Shaping the information needs and resources for the first Neighbourhood Offices, including information technology requirements, will also be an urgent task.

Applicants must have experience at senior level in information/reception/consumer services or a related field and have a proven track record as a project developer. Also she/he must be dedicated to advancing the equal opportunities and anti-racist policies of the Council by ensuring that information services meet the needs of all sections of the community.

Application forms etc can be collected (Quote Ref 932), from Central Personnel Section, Floor 9, Municipal Offices, Smith Street, Rochdale or candidates can write or telephone to the Chief Executive and Town Clerk, Personnel Services Division, PO Box 101, Town Hall, Rochdale OL16 1AB, telephone Rochdale 515634 (24 hour answerphone), to be returned to the Chief Executive and Town Clerk at the Town Hall address no later than 6 September 1988.

STRIVING FOR EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES

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AGA KHAN FOUNDATION (UNITED KINGDOM)
14/15 GREAT JAMES STREET
LONDON WC1N 3DP

Aga Khan Foundation (UK), part of an international network, is a registered charity in the United Kingdom. It promotes social development, primarily but not exclusively, in low-income countries of Asia and Africa. It supports programmes in Health, Education, Rural Development and Resource Management. These programmes aim to bring about significant social change and improve the quality of life of poor people in these countries.

PROGRAMMES AND COMMUNICATIONS CO-ORDINATOR

Under the overall direction of the Chief Executive Officer, the Co-ordinator will (a) develop and administer social development programmes and projects supported by AKF(UK); (b) develop and maintain an effective public relations and communications effort to create awareness of the social development activities of the Foundation network; and (c) mobilise support for programme and resource development activities of AKF(UK).

Applicants must be graduates with qualifications preferably in development studies, social sciences or in disciplines related to health, education, and rural development; possess knowledge and experience of the local and international NGO community and voluntary sector; have good written and oral communication skills, and be capable of effectively representing the interests of the Foundation to a variety of external agencies and audiences. Work experiences in social development in the Third World and in communications field will be an advantage.

The ability to work co-operatively and effectively as a member of a cross-cultural team and to speak and write English fluently are essential.

This is a contract position based in London. Salary will depend on age, qualification and experience.

SECRETARY

The post involves providing full secretarial support to a small dynamic team of professionals and volunteers based in London, involved in project administration, communications and fund raising activities. This would include general office duties, preparation of correspondence, computer operation, ability to deal with people at all levels, organising meetings and functions and undertaking other administrative tasks.

The successful candidate must possess a good standard of education, preferably at 'A' level or above. Knowledge and experience of the voluntary/charitable sector and the development community in Britain would be an advantage. In addition to possessing excellent typing, audio, word-processing (Wordstar 2000) and organisational skills the candidate must be resourceful and have the ability to work with minimum supervision, show personal initiative and flexible approach to work, and willing to take on any reasonable task.

The ability to work co-operatively and effectively as a member of a cross-cultural team and to speak and write English fluently are essential.

Attractive salary commensurate with experience will be offered to the right candidate.

Applications for both posts with CV should be made to:

Chief Executive Officer, Aga Khan Foundation (UK)
14/15 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DP
Tel: 01-404 4380

The Notting Hill Group is one of London's largest housing associations, owning and managing approximately 7,500 homes in West London. We are currently seeking the following staff:

HOUSING MANAGEMENT OFFICER

for our busy Emergency Housing Section (based in Coningham Road, W12) managing short-stay accommodation for homeless people.

This is a key post involving direct line management of 7 team members, responsible for all aspects of housing management and day-to-day maintenance. This rapidly expanding section is currently responsible for the management of approximately 600 units.

Housing Management experience coupled with a sympathetic and organised approach is essential; experience of working with homeless families would be an advantage. The post-holder must be able to work under pressure, and provide the necessary supervision and support to those team members under her/his direct management.

As our properties are spread over a wide area the ability to drive is essential, preferably with use of own car (car loan available).
Salary on scale £13,765 - £16,389.

HOUSING WELFARE WORKER

to join our Housing Management Team working in South Hammersmith providing management and maintenance services to approximately 1100 tenants. In addition the team will shortly be responsible for two sheltered housing schemes.

The Welfare Worker will assist with the problems experienced by our tenants who include families, single people, elderly people, the mentally ill and physically handicapped. S/he will be expected to advise team members on welfare benefit issues and welfare aspects of housing management work, as well as liaise with our own development department and statutory and voluntary agencies.

Formal social work qualifications are not necessary, but a working knowledge of welfare benefits and previous experience of working with claimants, the elderly and/or people with a disability are essential — preferably gained in a housing context.

Own transport desirable; car driver would be preferred (car loan available).
Salary on scale £11,854 - £14,528

For further information and an application form please contact Rosie Hubble, Notting Hill Housing Trust, 26 Paddenswick Road, London W6 0UB. Tel 01-741 1570.

Closing date: 2nd September 1988

NHHT is an equal opportunities employer.

Notting Hill

Shape London

DIRECTOR

£13,932-£15,312

to continue the development of this well-established arts organisation into the 1990s. We work to improve and increase the active involvement of people with disabilities and "special needs" in the arts throughout London. The post includes responsibilities for:
— management of a team of 18 full and part-time staff;
— directing the policy of the organisation;
— strategic planning and fund-raising.
We are looking for an experienced manager and good communicator with an understanding of arts and disability issues.
For further details, please send large sae to: Shape London (Ref DP), 1 Thorpe Close, London W10 5XL.
Closing date: 9th September 1988.
We are an equal opportunities employer and strongly encourage applications by disabled people.

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TRADES UNION CONGRESS

RE-ADVERTISEMENT

ASSISTANT — EQUAL RIGHTS DEPARTMENT

This new Department will take forward the TUC's work in promoting the rights and interests of women workers and working people from black and ethnic minority communities.

Applications are invited for an Assistant to work primarily in the area of race equality. Applicants should have experience of working on areas affecting black and ethnic minority workers, and must be committed trade unionists.

The post involves drafting documents, reports and publications, and highly developed writing skills are therefore essential.

The salary is on a scale from £13,107 to £17,205 including London Weighting.

For application form and further details write to: The General Secretary, TUC, Congress House, Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3LS quoting ref (ERD1).

The closing date for receipt of completed application forms is Friday, September 9, 1988.

The TUC is an Equal Opportunities Employer and welcomes applicants regardless of sex, disability, marital status, ethnic origin or sexual orientation.

GMB

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GENERAL, MUNICIPAL, BOILERMAKERS AND ALLIED TRADES UNION

THORNE HOUSE, RUXLEY RIDGE, CLAYGATE, ESHER, SURREY KT10 0TL

RESEARCH ASSISTANT (Health and Safety)

Starting salary £11,214 p.a. rising to £13,614 p.a. after 2 years

A vacancy exists for a Research Assistant to work in the Health and Safety section of the GMB's busy Head Offfice Research Department.

The Health and Safety Section provides a service to the Union's National and Regional Officials, lay representatives and members. The post involves working on reports, surveys and publications concerned with a wide range of health and safety issues. It also involves giving advice and dealing with queries concerning the hazards of manual and white-collar work.

The successful candidate will be able to work flexibly, co-operate with others an meet tight deadlines as necessary. Communication skills — in particular an ability to convey complex material in a way which is accessible to the membership — are vital.

A degree or research background will be an advantage as will experience in the field of occupational health and safety.
A commitment to the trade union and labour movement is essential.

An application form and further details may be obtained from the Personnel Department at the above address.

CLOSING DATE 2nd SEPTEMBER 1988
GMB IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

Lothian Regional Council

Department of Social Work

As Scotland's Capital City, Edinburgh is an important legal, cultural, academic and financial centre. Unrivalled for its architectural beauty, the City provides easy access to both coast and countryside, giving a quality of life which is unmatched in other major cities in the U.K.

Applicants are invited for the following senior posts in the Department's residential homes for the elderly in Edinburgh.

DEPUTE OFFICER IN CHARGE
FORD'S ROAD OLD PEOPLE'S HOME
£12075-£13188

THIRD IN CHARGE
LIBERTON GARDENS
OLD PEOPLE'S HOME
£12075-£13188

THIRD IN CHARGE
THE TOWER OLD PEOPLE'S HOME
£12075-£13188

The above units combine residential facilities with day care provision for the elderly.

Candidates should be qualified (CSS/CQSW) have previous 'senior' experience and have an understanding of the provision of services to the elderly in a residential and day care setting.

In addition, applicants should be able to manage and supervise the staff in the unit as part of the management team.

Lothian Regional Council has a forward looking and expanding policy for service provision for the elderly and offers scope for career development and advancement.

Informal enquiries to Alex Meikleham, Personnel Officer, Tel: 031-553 8332.

Ref 1. 6232AAA • 2. 6163ABA • 3. 6273AAA

APPLICATION FORMS ARE AVAILABLE FROM THE PERSONNEL OFFICER, 7 SHRUB PLACE, EDINBURGH. TEL: 031-554 3997 (ANSWER PHONE MACHINE IN OPERATION 24 HOURS PER DAY)

Closing date: August 31st, 1988.

Lothian Regional Council is an equal opportunity employer and will prevent discrimination particularly on the grounds of sex, marital status, disability, race, colour, religion, sexual orientation, nationality or ethnic origin.

LOTHIAN

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LEICESTER RIGHTS CENTRE

PUBLICATIONS/ INFORMATION WORKER (Half-time)

Leicester Rights Centre (L.R.C.) is a second-tier Law Centre providing information, advice, consultation and training to voluntary and statutory agencies in Leicester. It undertakes some casework and reserach in various fields of welfare law. It also produces the bi-monthly Leicester Rights Bulletin and other leaflets and publications. The Publications/Information Worker is a new specialist post created to take on existing work of the centre and to develop our growing number of publications.

L.R.C. aims to be an equal opportunities employer and is currently developing its policy. Applicants must have proven experience in editing and a general knowledge of welfare law. Salary pro rata on scale SO.1 (£11,323–£12,075). **For further details and application form contact Leicester Rights Centre, 6 Bishop Street, Leicester LE1 6AF (Tel: 0553 553781).**

Closing date: September 16th, 1988.

London Institute
for the Study of Human Sexuality

requests the pleasure of your company at an Open Evening to review 1988/9 courses:
* Basic and Advanced Counselling skills
* Human Sexuality
* Intergrative Sex Therapy
* AIDS Counselling

on Wednesday, 14th September from 7 – 9 p.m.

R.S.V.P
The Administrator,
10 Warwick Road, London SW5 9UH
Tel: 01-373 0901

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ilea *Working in Education*

SOUTHWARK COLLEGE, SE1

Student Services Officers

£11,592-£14,166 inc.
(Full-time)
£5,796-£7,083 inc.
(Part-time temp.)

The Student Services Officer plays an important role in supporting, advising, counselling, and informing by providing a service to the College and its students. The successful candidate would work as part of a team to provide advice on a wide range of practical issues, for example, immigration and nationality, welfare rights, accommodation, etc. The ability to identify and assess individual's problems which may require referrals to external agencies is also important.

The postholder requires a recognised teaching, social or youth work qualification or three years relevant experience. Applicants need a knowledge of welfare rights, basic counselling and excellent interpersonal skills together with experience of working in an educational and multi-cultural environment.

The part-time post, working 17.5 hours per week, is to provide cover until April 1989 during the present postholder's maternity leave.

The full-time post is suitable for job share.

For further details and an application form contact: ILEA, Ref. PER/PS5A/B, Room 336a, The County Hall, London SE1 7PB or tel: 01-633 3575.
Closing date: 2nd Sept. 1988.

Inner London Education Authority

ILEA IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

Nottinghamshire County Council

Lecturing Opportunities

South Nottinghamshire College of Further Education, Greythorn Drive, West Bridgford, Nottingham NG2 7GA

Media Studies

Grade I £8,481-£15,369 p.a.

Required in the Department of Printing Design and Communication. The person appointed will be expected to carry out the duties of Course Tutor on the BTEC National Diploma in Media Studies and to play a major role in the development of this important curricular area. The successful applicant will have a relevant qualification in one or more aspects of Media Studies; experience in industry and/or further education would be advantageous. This is a re-advertisement and previous applications will automatically be brought forward.

Application forms are available from the Principal at the College, Greythorn Drive, West Bridgford, Nottingham NG2 7GA. Closing date 1 September.

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OPEN EVENING MONDAY, AUGUST 22, 1988

starting 7.30pm

To help you gain a full understanding of the excellent career opportunities available to Teachers with our Company, we are holding an informal Cheese & Wine evening at our offices below.

For an invitation, contact Laurence Nash on 01-686 2735, or write to:

Sun Life of Canada,
Green Dragon House,
64/70 High Street,
Croydon CR0 1BN

SunLife of Canada

NURSING ASSISTANTS

£6,180 - 7,545 per annum

We have several vacancies for Nursing Assistants in our Community Mental Health Unit for the Elderly.

This position would offer varied clinical experience for those wishing to enter a career in nursing or one of the other caring professions.

If you are interested in working with people with mental health problems, and are keen to become a member of a ward team providing assessment, rehabilitation and continuing care, please contact Nigel Harrison, Senior Nurse Manager on 01-969 2488 Ext 2565, or bleep 417.

For further information and an application form please contact Ashley Atkins, Personnel Department, St. Charles Hospital, Exmoor Street, London W10 6DZ. Tel: 01-969 2488 Ext 2340.

Closing Date: Thursday, 1st September 1988.

PARKSIDE HEALTH AUTHORITY
"WORKING TOWARDS EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES"

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Appointments

OV SELECTION
have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers.
Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

Heartsearch

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details from: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London, W8. Phone: 01-938-1011.

ENRICH YOUR Social Life! Designed for the discerning and sophisticated. Savoir Vivre provides more interesting introductions. Send SAE to: Savoir Vivre, Ref: NS L, Tynron, Thornhill, DG3 4LG or tel 084 82611 anytime.

ATTRACTIVE INDEPENDENT man (33) graduate, North based, seeks similar bubbly female (25-35) for a completely 'reckless'. funny yet possibly serious relationship. Interests include lots of black/white photographs, left politics, theatre, gliding and generally having a 'really' good time. Photo appreciated, will answer all replies. Box (33) 086.

MATURE WOMAN, tall, vital, interesting, non-smoker, now widowed, would like to meet a straightforward, honest man from Lancashire, Yorkshire or North. Box (33) 085.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN lecturer, 40s, London seeks congenial man. Box (33) 084.

OLD FRIENDS: an introduction agency for the over forties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, London, N5 2DB. Tel: 01-226-5432.

OUTGOING, PRESENTABLE and cultured widower – architect (own practice) – poet (published work and public readings). Boogie Woogie pianist (trying). Enjoys walking, music, conversation, social drinking – seeks attractive woman of middle years for friendship, companionship, loving, whatever. N.W. London are. Box (33) 083

CARING, ENERGETIC, ATTRACTIVE professional man 40-50 sought by similar independent, solvent woman, 44. Interests: people, literature, alternative medicine, theatre, music, walking, cycling. Leeds. Box (33) 082.

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT redhead 36 loves cooking, dinner parties, theatre, music, eating out, seeks charming, adventurous, ambitious male aged 36-45 with good sense of humour for lasting relationship. Winchester area. Box (33) 081.

ATTRACTIVE colonial woman, ten years resident in U.K., very involved in work, otherwise a self indulgent loafer seeking an intelligent man, 35-50, with whom she can swap ideas, go to films, eat, drink, and generally laze around. Box (33) 080.

OPTIMIST? Tall, lean, affectionate designer, wide interests, pro feminist, uncompetitive, hopes to share London pursuits, arts, sciences, veggy cooking, adventures, dreams and loving partnership with a warm, witty, Green, equally optimistic fortyish female. Box (33) 079.

RECENTLY DIVORCED man, 46, seeks companion, hopefully with children, to share his wonder and his Tom Waits records. Brighton or London area. Box (33) 078.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S unclaimed treasures. I've been called. I'm a 35 year old single woman who enjoys life but would like to share it with a caring man. Are you 'an unclaimed treasure'? Box (33) 077.

Personal

LARGE two and a half bedroomed flat, with garden, London SW4, offered 4th-16th September in exchange for cat-sitting, bills, and cost of ad. References needed. 01-737-3607 evenings.

ACADEMIC/PROFESSIONAL woman wanted to share four bedroomed Edwardian house at the foot of Muswell Hill. Sole use of a reception (19x13) and bedroom (13x13), share kitchen, diner, and garden. £100 per week. Phone 088-385 2030.

Billboard — Theatre

NATIONAL THEATRE 01 928 2252 Olivier (open stage) THE TEMPEST. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF, THE CHANGELING. Cottesloe (small stage) MRS KLEIN, THE STRANGENESS OF OTHERS. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information on 01-928-2256.

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY 01-638 8891. Evening performances 7.30pm, Matinees 2pm Thursday & Saturday. BARBICAN THEATRE: 19-23 August, THREE SISTERS by Anton Chekov. 24-26 August, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE by William Shakespeare. THE PIT: 19-23 August, HYDE PARK by James Shirley. 24-26 August, TITUS ANDRONICUS. THE ALMEIDA THEATRE: 19-20 August, KEEPING TOM NICE by Lucy Gannon. 22-23 August, HELLO AND GOODBYE by Athol Fugard. 24-26 August, OEDIPUS, by SENECA.

Holidays/Travel

DISCOUNTED FLIGHTS, Italy, France, Scandinavia, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Austria, Yugo. Charter/Schedule. AIRFORCE. 01-5-6-2233.

JOURNEY LATIN America. Low cost flights, holiday journeys, 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London, W4 2HD. 01-747-3108.

Exhibitions

EXHIBITION: 'UNHEARD MELODIES'
CAMDEN ARTS CENTRE
Arkwright Rd, NW3 (435 2643)
M-F 10.30-5.30; Sat & Sun 2-6
Abstract Paintings by Clifford Myerson Aug 12 - Sept 1

Agenda

31 Aug

8 years of Solidarnosc Anniversary Demo Wednesday 31st August 6.15pm London, Hyde Park Near Speakers Corner

Speakers from main Political Parties, Trade Unions, Solidarnosc Polish Community, opposition activists from the Soviet bloc. Followed by march to the Embassy of the Polish Peoples' Republic.

JOIN COMMON VOICE, successor to T.V. 87, and help build co-operation across opposition parties. Day conference on party co-operation, Wed Aug 31, London. Speakers include Colin Crouch, David Marquand. M/ship £5, conference £6 inc. lunch. Write 61 Sotheby Road, London N5 2UP, or phone 01-882 6924 after 8.30pm, or weekend.

Booksellers

SCARCE BOOK Service: Social-Economic History; World Politics. State wants. 01-876-7254. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High Street, SW13 9LR.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London, WC1 Telephone: 01-242-5822.

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THE DIGGER

Michael Leapman says it's a good summer for vegetables—if you know 100 recipes for marrows

At the allotments they know I'm a journalist and they like to put trick questions. Last week a couple of fellow toilers asked: "Have you seen the front page of the paper?"

They didn't say which paper so I had to work it out. I eliminated "Tory vice queen in hospital Aids dash" (*News of the World*), "Barby gets the sack" (*Sunday Mirror*) and "Body-Snatchers savaged my husband" (*Sunday Sport*). Disregarding the heavies, that left "Danger alert on exploding sprays" (*Sunday Express*) and "Sunny for months" (*The People*).

I thought the first unlikely because I don't use aerosols on the plot (he wrote, in a vain bid to restore his credit with the environmental lobby). So it had to be the weather. The story said the hot, sunny spell would last well into September. The sources were a trio of amateur meteorologists, but that didn't weaken the tale because we gardeners rely heavily on folk wisdom.

"Marvellous news," I cried, but I immediately recognised that this was too upbeat a response. I lack the essential pessimism to be a true cultivator: Olga tells me that my propensity for looking on the bright side makes Mary Poppins look like Jeremiah.

"It means we'll have to be watering," said my informant gloomily. I didn't remind him that only two weeks earlier he was complaining that the ground was so wet it was impossible to work.

In fact, I and my neighbours have very little to moan about when it comes to water. The allotments are owned by the water authority and nearly every plot has its own tap. Privatisation is a more realistic threat than drought.

The only drawback is the time it takes to do the watering. I don't often visit the plot more than once a week (it's a ten-minute drive from my house) but I try to fit in an extra trip during dry spells to hose it down. I have one of those very useful devices that you can stick in the ground, and leave it to spray a radius of about four yards while you're working on another area.

Some of my neighbours get the hose out if we haven't had any rain for 24 hours, apparently feeling it's important for the ground to be moist all the time. I'm sure that's unnecessary. Vegetables are more resilient, and the ground slower to dry out, than they think. Even after that very hot week, the soil still felt distinctly damp only a couple of inches from the surface.

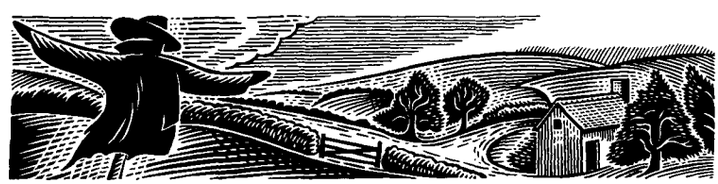
So far it's been an ideal summer for veg (Mary Poppins again). A wet July and a warm August are just what most of them need. My prize crop so far are some scallop-shaped squash (marrow) that I grew for the first time this year instead of courgettes.

I usually have poor luck with courgettes—after the first couple of pickings they acquire a wasting disease and perish. These squash show no signs of doing that so far. They are extraordinarily prolific and an aesthetically pleasing shape. I pick them when they are about four inches in diameter, as recommended on the packet: but the problem is how to cook them.

Steaming them like marrows is a bit boring and if you fry them like courgettes you lose the benefit of the scalloped shape, which is part of the point. Olga has tried stuffing them with minced meat, and with cheese and tomato, and baking them. That's fine but there are still a lot left and I could do with some other suggestions.

FRINGE BENEFITS

Colin Ward goes to pubs—not for the drink, or the food, but for the music



Maybe the best thing that has happend to the licensed trade is the fact that publicans can't make a living any more simply by selling booze. They have to have some other attractions to draw the punters in.

Most have moved into food, and it's my experience that you get far better value for money in a pub than in a restaurant, but increasingly it is live music that boosts trade. Musak, happily, drives them out after a while. Urban pubs develop their own specialities: jazz, blues, rock, Irish ballads, sixties music, reggae, someone playing sing-along oldies, or country-and-western groups.

In rural England it is all much less standardised. A local following tags on to a favourite performer whose reputation grows through word of mouth.

At one end of Suffolk there's the Butley Oyster. It is incredibly crowded on folk nights, all the tables are pushed together to make a kind of board meeting where you sit around and catch the chairman's eye if you want to do your act. There's "authentic" unaccompanied folk, pseudo-folk and neo-folk, and Edwardian music-hall ballads. It's cosmopolitan: last time we went there were Dutch and Yiddish songs.

It's a privilege to perform, and to get a drink you have to squeeze out of the back door to the other bar and bring it in. The ordinary hubbub of conversation tends to be loud and often impolite.

At our end of the county people know who is performing where, and arrange their weekend evenings accordingly. Most loved are those musicians of professional quality who use their very expertise to encourage anyone who turns up to do their piece. The real musicians will play along with all, whether it's my neighbour Alan doing his WW2 numbers on his harmonica, or Dennis Pym, persuaded to give his rendering of *Click go the shears*.

I love to watch the way they pick up the key and the tempo to encourage the singer in songs they may never have heard before. They abolish the distinction between skilled and incompetent, young and old, professional and unprofessional.

Last weekend, for example, we heard that the Churchfitters would be at the King's Head, Bildeston, and got ourselves seats in the corner. They're a duo, based in Colchester, and they don't travel far, unless it's really far, like Thailand or Australia. Anthony is tall, dark and Irish, Rosie is slight and blond.

Between them they have every kind of fretted instrument: guitars, mandolins, banjos, several things to blow, from twin whistles to a soprano saxophone, and all sorts of percussive sound: tamborine, drums, bones, spoons and a cardboard box operated by a drummer's pedal. They use mikes and an amplifier, so they aren't worried by the general noise level of the pub.

Supremely competent, they have worked up a huge repertoire: British and Irish folksongs, American songs, Appalachian fiddle music and East European dances. In a mobile and eclectic world, they aren't a bit concerned about the distinction that used to split Cecil Sharp House apart, between "genuine" folk traditions and everyone's experience of listening to modern recordings. As Louis Armstrong used to remark, "It's all folk music. Ain't never heard a horse sing."

Sometimes these two streams actually meet. A lady in her seventies who plays the phono-fiddle, an instrument like a violin without any body but with a big metallic horn at the bottom, which sounds, people say, like an old 78-rpm record, was cajoled to come, from her home near Thetford to play at Rougham.

Among the other performers was an itinerant piano-accordionist, and one of his numbers was a well known Irish dance tune. The phono-fiddler beckoned him over to her honoured place by the fireside.

"Do you know what you were playing?" she asked. "Sure," he replied, "It's called Dennis Murphy's Polka."

"Dennis Murphy was my brother," she said.

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ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3039 Set by Margaret Rogers
It has been said that satirists find it difficult to make jokes at Margaret Thatcher's expense. Can you help? Up to three tries each, please, by 31 August.

No 3036 Set by E O Parrott
Modern Canterbury Pilgrims

Report by Grace Elegy
Not bad, not bad at all, though some of you took more licence with the Set Texts than others. Seven pounds each, with ten to Marks for making me laugh and to Talbot for Effort.

A DAME ther was of Fynchleye-on-the-Greene
That thoght herselfe to be above the Queene,
And being of the gentele myddle classe
Expected ever manne to lycke her arse;
And this they didde, for fear if they didde notte
They wolde receive a spankynge on the botte.
She journeyed to the countrie of Clyve James,
Wher dingoes have a lowe regarde for Dames,
And one of these, a dogge that loved to byte
And was notte takynge ony of her shyte,
Was bolde to aske, and notte on bended knee,
How much she cared for blakkes and povertie.
The Dame responded with an angrie glayre
That anyonee who questioned her sholde dare,
Unlike the average crawlynge British hacke,
To interrupt her flowe and answer backe.
Still scremynge, she was carried to her car,
And stille convinced she was a Megastar.

Naomi Marks

A SCRYBE ther was that swinkèd for the *Sonne*;
Muche did he boste of merveilles he hadde donne,
Of speche he writ of with a slayn Knights wyf
Whan that he hadde not sene hir in his lyf,
Of hyding in sande dunes and buskes grene
To take a lyknesse of the bathing Quene
Through his zoome lens, and ofte dide prophecye
That she sholde abdicaten ere she dye
Riche was his gere and sharpe his moheyne suits
But many a harte he percèd to the roote
For slaundres spake he of adulterous dedes
Of preestes and squiers and othere leeser bredes.
Loude sang he "Gotcha!" when the Argentyne
Lost his proud shippe, and he did think it fyne
To show a ladyes brests eche weekdaye morne;
Ladyes he viewed with onlie luste or scorne,
But one he loved, and she was Thatchere hight:
He was hir verray, parfit gentil knyght.

Gill Talbot

Next came a SOCIAL WORKER younge and gaye,
Who on his bryght redd tunic did display
Badges our blessed Margaret to insult
Much yrging men to ban the catapault.
No evil would he hear of any wight
Who broke into a dwelling house by night:
'Twas "simple protest at cupidity"
(He'd read that once in *Newe Society*).
He from the north from far off Cleveland came
Sent by his Bishop with bell to proclaime
That at the martyr's shrine he hoped to see
A miracle some callèd R. A. D.
He was a gentle fellow very meeke
Who as a reflex turned the other cheeke.

R A Morris

A PREESTE ther was, nat of the olden sorte,
But in the evangelic way up-broghte.
No cloake or cassock hadde he to his use,
But trakke-suit liveried in green and puce,
And trayning-shoon bedight with stripes three.
He hadde the cure of souls in Battersea
Where, neath an old and venerable steeple,
The huse of God was made the house of People.
There weanling babes were nursed, and coffee poured:
He was, he said, a salesman for the Lord.
His services to rocke and roll were sung,
A vaine contrivance to ensnare the yonge.
And ever he wode cry as we rode out:
"If ye love Jesu, clappe your hands and shout!"
Which did annoye both Prioresse and Knight:
Certes, he was a verray noisie wight.

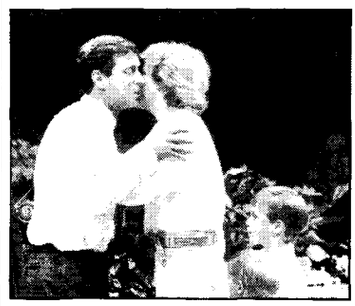
Noel Petty

An ancient ROKK-STAR hadde we on oure toure
That sometime hadde a disc at Numbere Foure,
And he wolde pleye upon his olde guitarre
Swich chords as he remembered from afar.
Ful faire he strook the frette-bord with his fiste,
And he hadde still a verray supple wriste.
He wered alweys som faded denim jenes,
And he colde speke of really hevey scenes
That he had witnessed in his mirie youthe.
I trowe that he cam nere the hoenst truthe.
He hadde, seyde he, songe ofte that he preyde
Bifor his elde, that he sholde han deyde.
Allas! he lived to tell his tale, this bard.
He hadde also a special Master Card.
His band hadde ones a name I have forgot,
Unless it were that it was cleped "What".

Will Bellenger

IF THE CAP FITS

No 81



With absolutely *no* apologies for giving you Royalty again, here is everyone but the girl herself. Entries on a postcard please, to be here by 26 August; the winner gets £10.

Winner No 79

Ashdown: "And we'll have *this* number of seats after the next election." *(Katie Mallett, Canvey Island, Essex.)*

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CHESS

After the eleven rounds of the 75th British Championships in Blackpool the top finishers were: 1. Jonathan Mestel 8½, 2-4. Murray Chandler, Glenn Flear and Niaz Murshed 8, 5-7. Michael Adams, Julian Hodgson and Jim Plaskett 7½, 8-14. Stuart Conquest, Mark Hebden, Tony Kosten, Gary Lane, Paul Motwani, David Norwood and William Watson 7. With this result Mestel won the title for the third time and proved that he is still worth his place in the English Olympiad team.

Going into the final round, Mestel enjoyed the cushion of a half point lead over Flear and Hodgson. In such situations games theory advises you to maximize the minimum pay-off. So it was no surprise when an early peace treaty was signed in the game Watson-Mestel. In the event a draw was all that was needed for an undivided first place, since Flear made no impression against Kosten and Julian Hodgson, trying harder to win than the position on the board justified, lost to Murshed.

It may sound rather tame to win the championship like this, with a draw. Yet one could hardly begrudge Mestel his victory for the manner of it, since all his games in the previous ten rounds had been decisive—eight wins and two losses. The following game was perhaps not one of the champion's best in the tournament, while certainly being one of David Norwood's worst. But it is both entertaining and a memorable example of how a central break trumps a wing attack:

Norwood-Mestel, Round 4.
1. d4 Nf6 2. Nf3 g6 3. Nc3 d5 4. Bf4 Bg7 5. e3 0-0 6. Be2 b6 This works out very well, but I think that if he had the position again Mestel would prefer 6...c5. I don't know what to call Norwood's opening. It's unconventional (though maybe not bad) to have the Knight on c3, blocking the c-pawn. **7. Ne5 Bb7 8. h4! h6 9. g4** White had another way to continue the attack: 9. h5 g5 10. Bxg5 hxg5 11. h6 and now 11...Bh8 12. h7+ is very dangerous. Mestel suggested that he could bale out with 11...Bxh6, but Norwood seems to be right in claiming advantage for White after 12. Rxh6 Kg7 13. Rh3 Rh8 14. Rg3 Rh1+ 15. Bf1 Nh7 16. Qf3. **Nfd7 10. g5 h5** White now gets carried away with his attacking chances and forgets to look out for Black's. **11. Bxh5? Nxe5 12. Bxe5 Bxe5 13. dxe5 d4! 14. Bf3 Bxf3 15. Qxf3 dxc3!** The tactical point behind this is 16. Rd1 cxb2, though that is no worse for White than the game. **16. Qxa8 Qd2+ 17. Kf1 cxb2 18. Rb1 Qxc2 19. Kg2 Nc6 20. Rxb2 Qc4!** By now there are other ways to win, but Mestel's method is the most incisive. **21. Qb7 Qg4+ 22. Kf1 Rd8 23. Re2** 23. Rb1 Qe4! forks and wins. **Qc4 24. Kg2 Qxe2 25. Qxc6 Qg4+ 26. Kh2 Qxh4+ 27. Kg2 Qg4+ 0-1.** Ironically, it is White who will be mated in the h-file after 28. Kh2 Kg7.

Apart from Mestel, the player who provided the greatest rewards for spectators was Niaz Murshed. Given a little more experience of top class competition, the young GM from Bangladesh might well develop into a world championship contender. His games abounded in ideas, which at first looked surprising, only to become simple and logical when you had seen the whole process unfold. Here's a specimen:

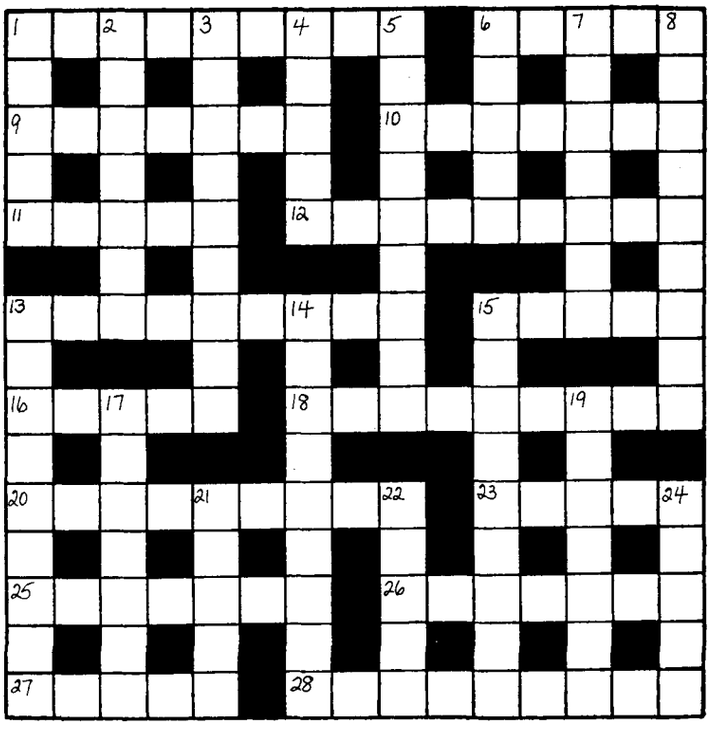
Watson-Murshed, Round 7. Pirc Defence.
1. e4 Nf6 A Pirc by transposition, I should have said. It starts as an Alekhine's Defence... **2. Nc3** ...declined. **d6 3. d4 g6 4. Nf3 Bg7 5. Bg5 c6 6. Qd2 Bg4 7. Qf4 Bxf3 8. Qxf3 Qa5 9. h4 h6 10. Bf4 Nbd7 11. 0-0-0 e5 12. dxe5 Nxe5** What is there for White to worry about? He has the two Bishops and a larger slice of the centre. However, there is something Murshed has and Watson hasn't—namely, a plan. **13. Qe2 0-0-0 14. Qd2 Nfd7!** The first step depends on the point 15. Qxd6? Nc5. **15. Kb1 Nc5 16. Be2 b5!** Not many players would think of this after castling long. **17. a3 Nc4 18. Bxc4 bxc4 19. f3 Rd7!** Another potent manoeuvre. Watch where this Rook goes in 3 moves' time. **20. Ka2 Rb7 21. Rb1 Rd8 22. Bxh6 Rxb2+! 23. Rxb2 Bxc3 24. Qc1 Na4 25. Rb1 d5 26. Bf4 Bb2** If now 27. Rxb2? Nc3+ mates in 3. Willie Watson should have tried 27. Qd2, so that after 27...c3 he can hang on with 28. Qd4. **27. Qe1? c3 28. Bc1 Qc5 29. Rxb2** Or 29. Bxb2 Qc4+ etc. **cxb2 30. Bxb2 Nxb2 31. Kxb2 Rd7 32. Qd2 dxe4 33. Qe2 Rb7+ 34. Ka2 Qb6 0-1.**

If you found those two games attractive, I should add that they are only the briefest glimpse of a tournament in which over 300 games were played. Desktop publishing is not always a boon. Do you think Shakespeare would have been more productive if he had been able to use a wordprocessor? No, of course not—he would have been too busy redesigning the font for the stage directions to get past Act I Sc. II of anything. But it's painful now to think of the way bulletin editors used to have to manage without such aids. The full bulletins (305 game scores and 12 annotated games) of the 1988 championships are a fine example of the wordprocessor's craft, and are available from B.B. Enterprises, 14 Dyke Road Drive, Brighton BN1 6AJ.

George Botterill

WEEKEND CROSSWORD

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1605, New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ, by first post 5 September.



Name _____

Address _____

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Crossword 1605

ACROSS

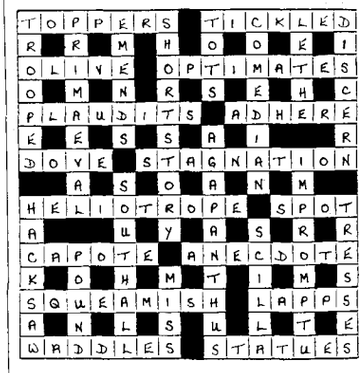
1. Refusing to acknowledge one who is a pig in eating (9)
6. Fashions which are not quite decorous (5)
9. Cross about fighting in the van (7)
10. Look at the next page inside cover to discover the place (7)
11. State in place where I choose to live (5)
12. Creature made angry by demand for money (9)
13. Secretive sounding person pursued by an evil state (9)
15. Means of sucking up for an MP (5)
16. The vehicle was low in spirit (5)
18. Poetry if that is right for the poet (9)
20. Clever men make communication about a military command (9)
23. General given great honour as a physician (5)
25. Tiny wise one in the money (7)
26. One of these songs is wicked about everything (7)
27. Material for a Russian (5)
28. Looks upon hell as a protection for viewers (9)

DOWN

1. What to do to the Lord High Executioner (5)
2. Bad side about to make mistakes, although not leaving gaps (7)
3. Married, about to make a meal of a woman when exposed (9)
4. Kind of language used in plain dictation (5)
5. Its contents are lethal and wound a veteran (9)
6. Pipes needed for large quantities of water (5)
7. It is even more crazy to put a punctuation mark above the line (7)
8. Plant like a star beside the river (9)
13. Castle people take me into their house (9)
14. He produced a report about the first woman in the game (9)
15. Club for Irishmen (9)
17. A worst disaster at the pithead in peacetime (7)
19. Composer who makes emotion come down to earth (7)
21. Proverb for commercial era? (5)
22. Black is employable when given upper-class leadership (5)
24. Entertainers for the crowds (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1603



Prizewinners to 1603

M Meadows (Writtle, Essex)
Rosemary Marsden (London NW3)
E & N Barford (Llandyssul, Dyfed)

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Michelene Wandor bemoans the hypocrisy of the smoking radical

I've just come back from a week's summer course. Socially and aesthetically it was stimulating; environmentally it was something of a personal disaster. The course took place in a lovely old country house just outside Oxford; cats lazed in the sun, the old stone walls exuded the remains of a damp English winter, and all around the fields gave forth a mixed aroma of harvesting grass, dusty wheat and pungent nettles.

Complete disaster for a delicate soul such as myself, whose mucous membranes wheeze and sneeze at the slightest hint of any of the above. My solution was to commute daily, and however frustrated I was at the less than perfect working of my body, I had time to thank my lucky stars that one provocation was absent: no-one on the course smoked.

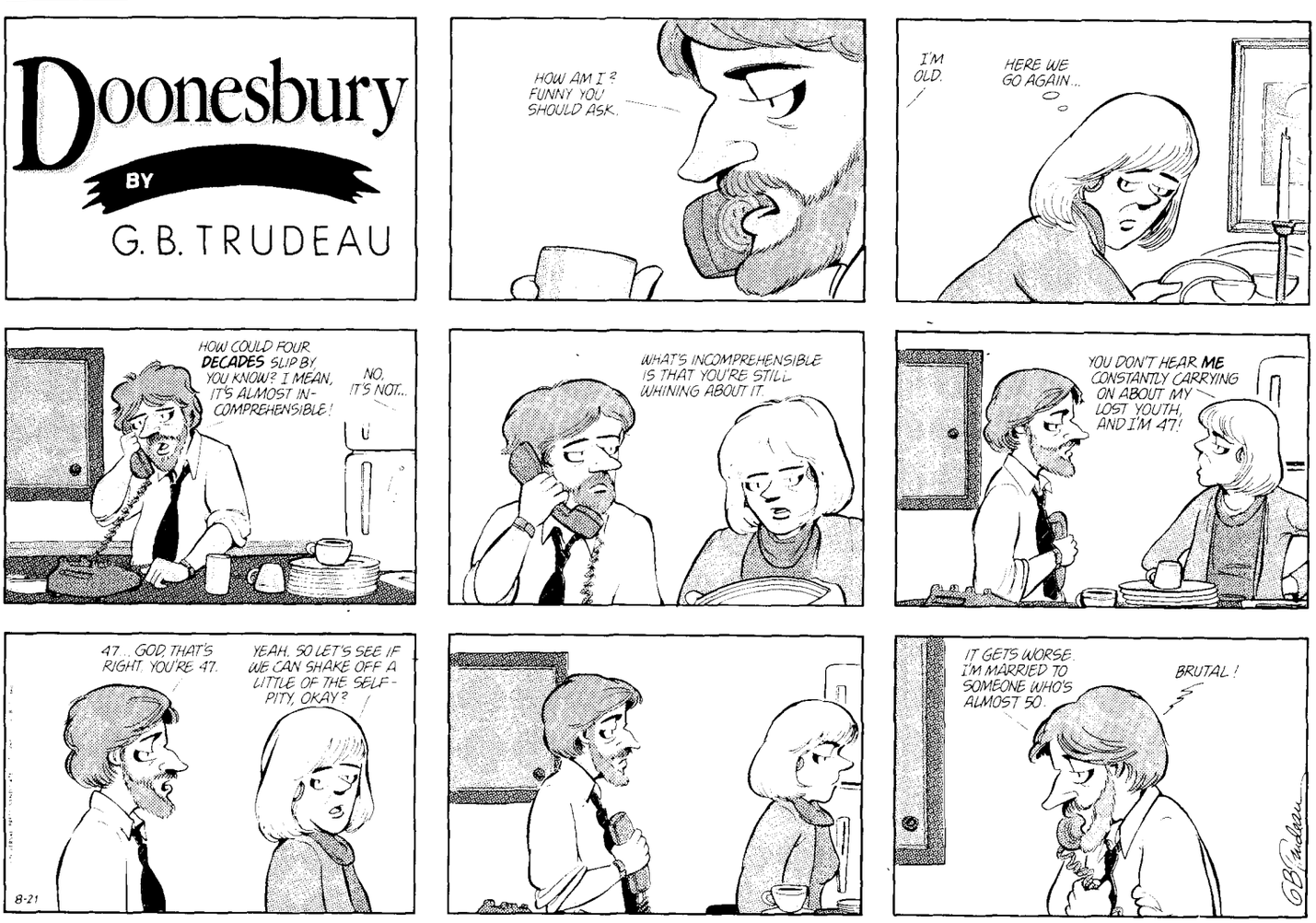
Over the years I have become more and more of a virulent anti-smoker. Ideally this piece should be a cross between Julie Burchill and Lenny Bruce in the strength of its invective, but I shall have to console myself with just a few fantasies. When I see someone light up, I want to grab the cigarette and let it smoke directly into their eyes; I want to blow tobacco smoke (using a small bellows) all over the clothes and into the faces of all public smokers; I want to mix ash in with their food. And worse. I should say quickly that I have absolutely no objection at all to people polluting their own lungs and lives, as long as they do it in the privacy of their own homes, in the company of consenting adults. But I strenuously object to the fact that a minority (only about a third of the adult population) should continue to make life pretty intolerable for the other two thirds.

When I explain to people that smoke sets off my asthma, they appear to be relatively understanding. The fact that my social life is circumscribed by my attempts to avoid smokers is something that I have to put up with. But not without resentment—nay, fury. And a profound sense of irony. For it is the people who should be closest to being kindred spirits that I have to avoid most.

The mainstream of my professional life is a veritable inferno of anti-social behaviour—television and radio, mainstream and radical; journalism; the theatre. And as bad as the most Dante-esque of trendy media parties are the enclaves of the radicals and the left, men as well as women. It's this last lot that I just cannot understand. Proselytisers of the rights of the majority, they puff neurotic defiance at the well-being of said majority in their smoke-filled rooms. The people who claim to want a better, healthier world are the very people who create the foulest of immediate environments. The unspoken law seems to be that the more radical and/or avant-garde you are, the more you have to pollute your fellow radicals' environment. The civil rights of the individual seem to mean the right to foul up the air that other individuals breathe.

There's something very destructive about all that, insufficiently explained by the stresses of being "alternative". When the meetings and the parties of intellectuals and cultural producers can only function on a cushion of acrid smoke, then there's something wrong.

Perhaps it was all a con; perhaps they never wanted to change the world. Perhaps they just want to conduct a guerrilla war that misses its targets and only destroys its own forces. Although I've never smoked because of my asthma, I know enough healthy non-smokers to feel my gripe is more than individual. However, none of these other non-smokers has the remotest desire to change the world, aesthetically or politically. There's a moral there somewhere.


Doonesbury
BY
G. B. TRUDEAU
HOW AM I ? FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK.
I'M OLD.
HERE WE GO AGAIN...
HOW COULD FOUR DECADES SLIP BY, YOU KNOW? I MEAN, IT'S ALMOST IN-COMPREHENSIBLE!
NO, IT'S NOT...
WHAT'S INCOMPREHENSIBLE IS THAT YOU'RE STILL WHINING ABOUT IT.
YOU DON'T HEAR ME CONSTANTLY CARRYING ON ABOUT MY LOST YOUTH, AND I'M 47!
47... GOD, THAT'S RIGHT. YOU'RE 47.
YEAH, SO LET'S SEE IF WE CAN SHAKE OFF A LITTLE OF THE SELF-PITY, OKAY?
IT GETS WORSE. I'M MARRIED TO SOMEONE WHO'S ALMOST 50.
BRUTAL!
8-21
GBTrudeau

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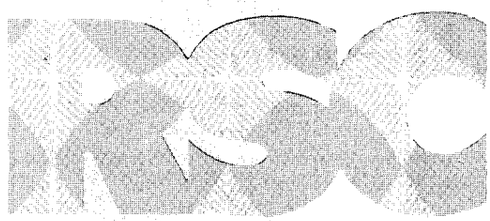

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